

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

In Three Sections

Fort Wayne Diocesan Edition

Religious Section

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No. 11

Editors' Chats With Readers

Dear Readers:

MANY of you are familiar with literature sent out by the Paulist League, of New York.

It publishes a magazine called *Information*, from which we have often quoted. It also sends out folders carrying suggestions and hints for people engaged in the Convert Movement.

The Paulist Order, as you are probably aware, was founded by a convert-priest chiefly for the preaching of the Catholic faith to non-Catholics. Many years ago its Provincial erected on the Catholic University grounds the "Apostolic Mission House," whose purpose it was to train diocesan priests for missions, chiefly among non-Catholics. The Society has opened many "Information Centers," which are surprisingly well patronized.

Their Boston Center, opened only two years ago, has answered the questions of more than 30,000 visitors and has distributed 100,000 books and pamphlets. Presently 148 persons are receiving instructions there in preparation for admission into the Catholic Church.

In the May, 1948, number of *The Paulist News*, we read that two Paulist priests are now instructing 120 inquirers at the New York Center; a large number in three Inquiry Classes in San Francisco.

The Paulist Fathers have parishes in Tennessee and Texas, which are made up chiefly of converts. Even in the Ozarks 46 converts were made by the Paulists at Monett, Missouri, this year, and 40 embraced the faith last year in that place.

They are now establishing a center at Layton, Utah.

The following is related in *The Paulist News* about the conversion of members of a certain Baltimore family, instructed at the Baltimore Center:

"Last Christmas Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell of St. Peter's Parish, Baltimore, asked their son, Brother Gregory of the Precious Blood Fathers at St. Charles Seminary at Carthage, Ohio, what he wished for Christmas.

"He wrote back: 'One thing I want more than anything else is for my Dad and Mother to take a course of instruction in the Catholic religion and to pray for the Gift of Faith.'

"His parents promised him they would do so, and joined one of the evening classes at the Catholic Information Center in Baltimore conducted by the Paulist Fathers for non-Catholics and Catholics.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, years before, seeing the need for religious education, had sent their sons to Catholic schools. One by one as they came of age, four of the five brothers with the permission of their parents joined the Catholic Church. The second, Robert, now Brother Gregory, is a student at St. Charles Seminary of the Precious Blood Fathers in Carthage, and it

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Religion: The First Freedom

A Debate Involving A \$400-Million Annual Stake

REV. RICHARD GINDER

THE new Catholic Directory is out, showing that we Catholics are now supporting 2,432 high schools with a total enrollment of 506,397 students; and 8,248 grade schools counting 2,274,840 pupils.

This represents a staggering free-will contribution on the part of Catholics to the public treasury, whereby we are relieving the public at large of the expense involved in educating those 2,781,237 youngsters according to the law of the land.

We are heating and keeping the roofs mended over 2,432 high-school buildings and 8,248 grade schools. Apart from the salaries of the 10,680 janitors (at the least) required to tend the furnaces and brush out the rooms each night, we're supporting a full-time teaching staff of 101,944—although that last figure includes the faculties of colleges and universities.

Now, there's a Jesuit in Spokane, Russell M. Boehning, who has it figured out that in 1946 it cost the State of Washington \$162.28 a year to put a child through elementary school, and an additional \$240.59 per year to push him on through high school. Because of inflation, those figures have certainly gone up since then. But using his computation as a basis, we arrive at the fact that we American Catholics are contributing to the public treasury each year \$369,161,035.20 through out grade-school system, and \$30,682,594.23 through our high schools, making an annual sum-total of \$399,843,629.43!

In other words, we Catholics are saving our cities and townships \$400-million a year while, at the same time, we're paying the same taxes as everybody else in support of a public-school system that, for the most part, we're not using.

Suppose We Closed Our School Doors

And we're not getting too much thanks for it, either. In fact, just to rub it in, there are those who say our schools are divisive and un-American, breeding grounds of bigotry, etc.

It has been suggested—although not to be taken seriously—that it might teach our good neighbors a lesson on the value of our annual contribution to the commonwealth if our whole system were to be shut down for just one year—if, next September, from coast to coast, not one Catholic school would open its doors. Our children would still have the right to an education provided at public expense.

Then let the cities, towns, boroughs, and townships scramble at building 2,432 high schools and 8,248 grade schools for our 2,781,237 youngsters, and let them try to hire and pay 101,944 teachers and 10,680 janitors—just for one year, of course! After that, we could open up again.

From the loose talk one too often hears about our parochial schools, one would think they were nothing more than catechism classes, glorified and spun out to last from Monday until Friday each week, and that our children learn nothing more than their prayers and a little Bible-history. Honestly, it seems that there are a lot of non-Catholics who have precisely that idea about our schools.

But, actually, while the public schools are subject to Caesar, ours are none the less so. The big difference is that ours are subject also to God. The law of the land requires that every child be given an education up to a certain point. The law of God requires that every child learn his religion. We can't satisfy God's law by putting our children in the public schools, and yet no mere catechism class would satisfy the law of the land. All we can do, then, is to operate schools that satisfy both God and Caesar—and that's precisely what we're doing.

Our Schools As Good As Public Schools

Our schools are the equals of the public schools as far as education goes. The various public county and state boards see to that. And our children transfer without difficulty from a Catholic school to the corresponding grade in the public school; or they leave eighth grade in the Catholic school and enter a public high school without the least trouble. If this were not the case, our schools would have been closed by the public authorities long before this. But they haven't been, and hence they are recognized as acceptable units in our American system of public education.

This is a point we Catholics must make again and again with our non-Catholic neighbors. So many of them have the idea that our schools are on a par with Y.M.C.A. activities, or the Epworth League, or some other marginal church activity. Our schools are the same as the public schools except that we go farther and add

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Will 82% Of 'Harvest' Be Permitted To 'Perish'?

Laity Urged To Seek Conversion Of Non-Catholics But To Avoid 'Huckster Homiletics'

THE MOST REV. JAMES A. GRIFFIN

TWO weeks ago as I was approaching Indianapolis, I saw field after field of ripened wheat. In a very few days, I thought, the combines will be in these fields harvesting the 1948 wheat crop which, according to an estimate of the United States Department of Agriculture, will be the second largest in our history, exceeding the one billion bushel mark.

I couldn't help but think, then, of another day long ago when Christ Himself looked out across a countryside heavy with grain and said anxiously to His disciples: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers few."

One billion bushels of wheat! Permit the luxury of a wild supposition; suppose, let us say, that the farmers of the United States this year decided to harvest only 18% of this bumper crop, allowing 820,000,000 bushels of wheat to die in the fields under the ravages of preying insects or under the whip-lash of hail and driving rain. Out of one billion potential bushels they would combine only 180,000,000, permitting the remaining 82% to perish. That's a fantastic supposition, isn't it?

The Harvest Is Great But Laborers Few

And yet it isn't really so fantastic when you apply these same percentages to another type of harvest, the potential harvest of souls. The Catholics in our country number only 18% of the entire population of the United States. That means that 82% of our fellow-citizens remain outside the one, true, Church of Jesus Christ. Think of it! Out of a total population of 142,000,000 Americans, more than

116,000,000 are non-Catholics of one sort or another, while only 26,000,000 are Catholics. One hundred and sixteen million souls! Members of the Catholic Evidence Guild, there's a harvest for you.

Will that 82% be allowed to die under the ravages of religious indifference, infectious watered-down Christianity, secularism and paganism? Or are you resolved to set out for the fields "white with the harvest" and bring as many of these souls as you can back to the Divine Husbandman?

It is not enough for us to realize that a general disintegration honeycombs the structure of Protestantism in our midst, leaving groping millions to search for the Truth; nor is it enough for us to congratulate ourselves that we, at least, possess the eternal faith of the Redeemer of Mankind. The cry of the strangled Christ sounds across our land today as never before in our history, that great heart-breaking cry of Christ coming from the parched souls of millions of our neighbors—"I THIRST!" We have the "fountain of life and holiness" for which they thirst, and from its possession rises the awesome obligation of slaking the thirst of these millions with the sweet savor of Christ's Gospel.

formation, Dale Francis—a convert himself—recognizes this problem of semantics, classifying it as one of the first problems in communication. "If the person to whom you are talking," he writes, "doesn't know what you are talking about, then obviously you're wasting your time. If the words you use are unfamiliar and leave a blank space, then your failure is unfortunate."

The Problem Of Semantics

I have heard it said that the present Mayor of Boston has an enviable talent possessed by few of his profession. It is his ability to present his views in whatever vernacular happens to be most familiar to the audience at hand. It has been reported, for example, that he has addressed university alumni in Symphony Hall in their own sedate patois and, less than an hour later, has harrangued a crowd of dockhands in Scollay Square in the language of a longshoreman. Now, no matter what we think of Mr. Curley's career as a statesman, we would do well to imitate his oratorical technique.

The dogmatic cadences of the Athanasian Creed were the proper master strokes whereby to cut down the anti-Trinitarian heresies of the sixth century, but St. Patrick found the simple shamrock more effective at the court of Tara. Writing in this month's issue of *Information*, Dale Francis—a convert himself—recognizes this problem of semantics, classifying it as one of the first problems in communication. "If the person to whom you are talking," he writes, "doesn't know what you are talking about, then obviously you're wasting your time. If the words you use are unfamiliar and leave a blank space, then your failure is unfortunate."

A philologist might be duly impressed with the use of a word like "transubstantiation," but the truck-driver from the housing-project might find it as unintelligible as the garbled chant of a tobacco auctioneer. By the same token you can also insult a listener's intelligence by making a fetish of over-simplification. Our Divine Master knew how to gauge the intelligence of His audiences, and hence we find many of His simple parables stated matter-of-factly without a word of needless explanation.

Speak To Them In 'Sidewalk American'

The language used by St. Paul in the marketplace of Athens was a notable departure from the Homeric ideal, just as the homilies of Leo were scarcely Ciceronian. You cannot afford to forget that you are preaching Christ crucified not to theologians but to the fellow who sits besides you in the street-car, buys his cigarettes beside you at the corner drugstore, cuts his grass across the street from you every Saturday afternoon. His brand of language is that simple, forthright, unadorned "sidewalk American." Place the tremendous truths of Christianity before him, then, not in the ponderous phraseology of the university, nor in the

Speak To Them In 'Sidewalk American'

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Series On Religion In Education

During the summer months, beginning July 18, *Our Sunday Visitor* will carry a series of articles dealing with religion in education. They will all be based on pronouncements made by the leading statesmen of our own country and of the world.

Be sure to read all of them, clip them and have them for use when they will be helpful.

Catholic Building Convention And Exposition To Be Held Again In Chicago, June 1949

College Of St. Joseph In Indiana To Sponsor Project; Cardinal Stritch And Experts Make Notable Talks

Chicago, Ill.—So successful was the first National Catholic Building Convention and Exposition—which closed July 3 at the Stevens Hotel—that it will be held again in Chicago next year, probably in June.

This announcement was made this morning in a closing address by the Most Rev. Joseph M. Marling, Auxiliary Bishop of Kansas City. A hearty response from both exhibiting firms and delegates from 31 states and four foreign countries, indicated that the convention and exposition should continue.

The college of St. Joseph's of Indiana will again sponsor the four-day congress as an educational service to Catholic builders. James V. Malone, Chicago advertising and public relations executive, will again serve as general manager, with Edward C. Bowman, Chicago, remaining as exposition manager.

In his opening address last Wednesday, His Eminence Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, told his audience of pastors, religious superiors, college officials and building counsels, to "be new—with the times—but in our building let us not forget our historical continuity."

The Chicago prelate urged his audience of Catholic builders—all with construction or remodeling begun or planned—to "avoid extremes that express the materialism of our times. Let our schools, churches and hospitals look like what they are planned to be, and not like factories."

Ernest A. Grunsfeld, Jr., architect-lecturer, Chicago architect since 1924 and designer of the Adler Planetarium and other buildings, addressed the convention Wednesday on the topic, "Selecting and Working with the Architect."

Grunsfeld advised Catholic builders to "call in the architect early in the project, during the programming. Let him assist in forming the long-range program and layout, the arrangement and uses of buildings, etc. Architects may be selected either by the competition or direct selection method."

The Rev. James E. Doyle, executive secretary, Chicago archdiocesan planning board, discussed the function and necessity of this body in an address entitled, "Should There Be a Diocesan Planning Board?"

George F. Denniston, executive manager, Eggers and Higgins, New York architects, was an outstanding speaker Thursday with the subject of "The Administrator, Architect, and Contractor."

Denniston forcefully told delegates not even to buy property without consulting their architect, and that a building project which formerly could be completed in one year, now requires 18 months to two years. "Avoid buying too little property and getting hemmed in a generation later. Property almost always appreciates in value and you can hardly go wrong buying too much."

"Planning or Replanning the Institutional Kitchen" was the subject of an address Friday morning by Isabelle Peterson, executive dietitian, Swift and Co., Chicago.

Terming the food service department the "heart of the institution," Miss Peterson gave steps in the planning of the institutional kitchen: (1) Make a flow chart which shows how work proceeds from receiving area to storage to preparation, processing, serving and disposal of waste.

(2) Fit the department with its necessary divisions into the building plan. (3) Plan the divisions within the department for efficient operation with a minimum of backtracking, cross-traffic and wasted effort.

Kenneth K. Stowell, A.I.A., editor in chief, Architectural Record, addressed the convention Friday

on the subject, "When Will Conditions Be 'Right' for Building?"

"To my mind the greatest need in today's world is personal religious faith and personal integrity," Stowell declared. "Buildings which contribute to this need are of utmost importance now before other forces break down country's moral fiber. Modern construction costs are high, but so are the moral stakes..."

"There is no apparent prospect for a sharp decline in commodity prices. Lower construction costs may be expected to come about gradually, as competitive pricing of materials increases, as the number of completed projects increases, as gray markets subside, as productivity of labor increases, and as builders develop more cost-reducing procedures..."

An address entitled "Keeping Pace with America, Institutions Build," was delivered before delegates Saturday by C. L. Staples, managing editor of Institutions Magazine.

British Educator Says Aid Program Must Be Long-Range

Notre Dame, Ind.—American aid to Europe under the Economic Cooperation Administration must be an extremely long-range program if the European nations are to effect a complete economic recovery, according to Dr. Edward M. Hughes-Jones, prominent British educator who is serving as a special member of the faculty at the University of Notre Dame summer session.

Dr. Hughes-Jones, of Keble College, Oxford, England, an authority on the economic history of Europe, declared in a special interview at Notre Dame that the present economic situation in Europe was developing even before the outbreak of World War II because the "large population consumed more than was being produced." European leaders saw the industrial leadership of the world slipping away from Europe in the pre-war era, and World War II speeded up the process, he explained.

Notre Dame's Audio-Visual Program Praised

Notre Dame, Ind.—The University of Notre Dame has assumed the leadership in audio-visual education among the Catholic colleges and universities in the United States, according to two noted experts in audio-visual aids who last week inspected the newly-created Audio-Visual Center at Notre Dame.

Eldon Imhoff, vice-president of the Victor Animatograph Corporation in Davenport, Ia., and Eugene Sherwood, of the Coronet Instructional Films in Chicago, praised the Audio-Visual Center at Notre Dame at a special forum discussion on "The Catholic School and the Sound Motion Picture" held last week at Notre Dame.

The two prominent audio-visual leaders pointed out that in general Catholic education has lagged behind in the use of Audio-visual education. Notre Dame, however, has taken one of the forward steps of modern education in establishing the Audio-Visual Center they added. The Notre Dame center currently is in the process of developing a film library in order to ultimately provide other Catholic colleges, universities, high schools and elementary schools with audio-visual training.

A \$100,000 RELIEF CHECK



A check for \$100,000 to be used for the suffering people of Italy, is presented to Bishop Thomas E. Molloy of Brooklyn, by the pastors of some 25 Italian Catholic parishes in the Brooklyn Diocese. Among those present at the check presentation ceremonies were: Rev. Anthony DeLiberty, (left); Rev. Arsenio Caprio, (center) and Bishop Molloy. (NC Photos)

Ruined Shrines And Convents Recall Bitter Fighting As Jerusalem Enjoys Uneasy Truce

BROTHER ANTHONY BRUYA, O. F. M.

Jerusalem (By Airmail, Delayed)—Yesterday at dusk the evening star glimmered, serene and aloof above the madness of this minor planet, over the Holy City, as once it had shone down upon an Agony among the ancient olive trees in Gethsemane on another night 1900 years ago.

For the second time during the agony of this war which has gripped the Holy Land, Palestine is experiencing the blessing of comparative peace. True, it is the professedly temporary peace of truce, but after what one has just gone through here, he learns to be grateful even for small blessings.

No one dreamed a few months—or even a few weeks—ago that Jerusalem would become the center of some of the most bitter fighting imaginable, nor that Catholic convents and other religious institutions here would be the battle-ground for which contending armies would fight day after day for what seemed an interminable month. And fewer still imagined that within the very shadow of the ancient walls of Jerusalem some of those chapels and convents would be reduced to utter ruin. Others than pessimists believe that the fighting will break out anew, in even more violent and bitter form. If the Holy City is again subjected to such sacrilege, it will be a scandal that will rock the faith of countless thousands in the United Nations.

It was pathetic the other day to see Arab families—more fortunate than others who had lost all in the prevalent looting—as they searched amid the rubble of what was once the convent of the French Reparatrice Sisters for the belongings they had brought there, confident that, of all places, this quiet home of perpetual adoration would remain inviolate during any possible hostilities.

Infinitely sadder, though, is it to see that convent itself, dedicated to continual prayer, standing a gaunt ruin, its empty walls silhouetted against the sky, its chapel burned, its altar and tabernacle wrecked, and the Eucharistic Throne smashed. Truly, it is desolation in the holy place! That such havoc should have occurred on the Feast of Corpus Christi seems almost diabolical. There is a story current that the "commander" who gave the order to burn the convent was killed two days later by a shell together with his entire family.

Across the street from Reparatrice stands what remains of the great Notre Dame de France pilgrim hospice. Its entrance on Suleiman Road has been destroyed by bombs, a whole section of the building lying piled high behind its ornamental gate-way, while the front of the hospice, facing toward Mount Olivet, gapes ugly and hideous as great sections have been torn away by cannon-fire.

It was in the peaceful garden

of Notre Dame that one of the first mortar-bombs used against Jerusalem fell, but little did one think in that far-off month of February that Notre Dame was to become the center of prolonged fighting. Benign and majestic, scathed and battered, there still stands high above the man-made waste and wreckage the statue of the Madonna and Her Child, as in benediction upon the war-torn city below.

Numerous other religious institutions have suffered what is, in comparison, minor damage. St. Saviour's Franciscan Monastery and parish church, separated from Notre Dame and Reparatrice by a narrow street, have been repeatedly hit by mortar-bombs. The Christian Brother's College just behind Reparatrice also has had its share of damage. The severely damaged Benedictine Abbey of the Dormition of the Blessed Virgin, and the battle-scarred Franciscan Chapel of the Cenacle nearby—nearly all their religious "deported"—along with what is left of the Apostolic Delegation, are all grim reminders of what the Holy City has gone through.

When combatant forces endeavored to enter and occupy the large institution of the Sisters of Charity, which shelters foundlings, orphans, the lame and blind, old folks, the Sisters—reminiscent of St. Clare of Assisi even centuries earlier—gathered in a body at the entrance of the convent and steadfastly refused to admit the men. Thus far none has entered.

Among the shrines themselves, the most notable damage was that to the Holy Sepulchre Basilica, when the last of the mortar-bombs to hit there struck the great dome over the Sacred Tomb, but fortunately without other damage than to the exterior of the Holy Place. Damage occurred at the Sixth Station of the Cross (the House of Veronica) and three bombs fell at the Armenian Catholic church between the Third and Fourth Stations of the Via Dolorosa.

The narrow, winding streets of the Jewish Quarter of the Old City are practically obliterated as that part of Old Jerusalem lies wiped out, burned, and deserted by all human life, with the stench of death noticeable here and there. One did not like to see its three Synagogues destroyed in the course of the fighting; they were neither ancient nor beautiful, but they were houses of prayer, sacred to the devout section of Jewry which inhabited that quarter of the city. But when they were put to military use they became military objectives, and suffered destruction.

During the days of the siege of the Old Jewish Quarter, on May 16th and 17th, the Rt. Rev. Custodian of the Holy Land, at the request of a Jewish leader, negotiated for the evacuation of women, children, and old men, and the Arab Quarter. To this the Arab Command agreed, on the condition that combatants there should be treated as prisoners of war, and he in turn assured respect for all the Jewish Holy Places. These conditions, however, were considered unacceptable, and the meritorious plan came to naught, with the known dire results.

One was disturbed to learn that a mortar-bomb had endangered the Mohammedan Dome of the Rock ("Mosque of Omar") on what was once the Temple site, now one of Islam's holiest spots. But no less did one hate to see the many neutral, non-combatant Catholic sanctuaries and houses of prayer damaged and destroyed in this battle, which has not spared the Holy Places of Islam, Judaism, and Christianity—the last of the most harmed of all.

Dr. Abell Tells Historians Church Redefined Ideals

Notre Dame, Ind.—The second decade of the twentieth century was the "most significant ten-year span in the history of Catholic social action in the United States," Dr. Aaron I. Abell, Assistant Professor of History at the University of Notre Dame, declared in an address before the second annual convention of the History Club of Notre Dame which ended July 4 on the University campus.

More than 100 teachers of high school history from all parts of the nation attended the meeting and heard Dr. Abell point out that "in that period the Catholic Church redefined, expanded and coordinated its urban social policy." Long before 1910, he observed Catholic leaders had been active in bringing about reform in the prevailing economic and social order. The Notre Dame professor explained that the predominantly urban character of American Catholicism forced the attention of the Church to concentrate on the social problems resulting from urbanization.

Baptism Of Convert Class To Feature Liturgical Week

Boston.—(NC)—Baptism of a group of adult converts by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston will climax the national 1948 Liturgical Week to be held here from August 2 to 6. The convention, with its theme "The New Man in Christ," will deal with the Sacrament of Baptism.

The sessions will feature a series of lectures, each followed by an open discussion in which priests, Sisters, and the laity will participate. At Mass each morning the congregation will participate vocally, it has been announced.

Among the speakers will be Msgr. Reynold Hillenbrand of Chicago; the Rev. John E. Kelly of Trenton; the Rev. Hugh Duffy, O.S.B., of Newark; Msgr. Martin A. Hellriegel of St. Louis, and the Rev. John P. O'Connell of Chicago. Archbishop Cushing will address the opening session and will offer a Solemn Pontifical Mass on August 6.

Requiescant

Mrs. Matilda Burlage, 81, St. Mary's Fort Wayne.
Thomas M. Moxley, St. Peter, Fort Wayne.
James K. Hipskind, one-year-old, St. Andrew, Fort Wayne.
James Koch, seven-weeks-old, Catholic Fort Wayne.
Josephine Cummings, St. Peter, Fort Wayne.
Jerome R. Koch, 11, St. Joseph, Fort Wayne.

George LaMaster

Fort Wayne — George LaMaster, 8, 1005 Putnam St., the oldest registered pharmacist in the state, died last Sunday afternoon. He was a member of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. Surviving are three sons, Joseph L. Henry F., and Arthur T. Fort Wayne, seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Wednesday at the Cathedral with the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John A. Dapp, officiating. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

From Our Readers

Opinions expressed in letters appearing in these columns are those of our readers and not necessarily of the editors of *Our Sunday Visitor*.

Readers Answer To Article In 'Life'

27 Montcalm Ave.
Buffalo, New York
June 26, 1948

Knowing as I do the grand aims of your publication—to teach the teachings of the Church and to castigate those who would attempt to defile her—I take the liberty of enclosing a copy of letter addressed to Mr. Luce of *Life*, a refutation of some untruthful statements his magazine makes on June 14th.

I personally believe it would do some good to publish copy of letter in *Our Sunday Visitor*.

My letter to *Life* follows:

Sincerely yours
Benjamin D. Benincasa

27 Montcalm Ave.
Buffalo, New York
June 25, 1948

Mr. Henry R. Luce
Editor-in-Chief of *Life*
Time and Life Bldg.
3 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Luce:

I was very much surprised to find in your publication, which I have always admired for its adherence to the Truth, several historical inaccuracies and misinterpretations. I have particular reference to a number of untrue and misleading statements in your pictorial essay entitled, "The Protestant Revolution," which appeared in your June 14th issue.

In the name of Impartial Historical Truth and American Fairplay, I should like to ask you to publish, at your early convenience, the letter, in which I list below some of the more flagrant moral imputations on the character of the Catholic Church and her clergy, and subjoin to each and every accusation the confutative testimonies of outstanding unbiased non-Catholic historians and educators:

"Pope Leo X had granted to Albert (Prince of Brandenburg) the privilege of selling indulgences, unlike clothing, books or instruments of war, were not sold in the days of Luther, but are they sold today. What the Pope promised his pious donors were spiritual favors in exchange for their donations; but regardless of the generosity of their offerings, the Head of the Church could not absolve them without the preliminary of confession or true contrition of heart."

Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne, the famous Protestant historian who furthered "the cause of Protestantism in every way possible," and P. V. N. Myers, who half a century ago was professor of history in the University of Cincinnati, are both convinced that indulgence "can take effect only upon certain conditions, among which is that of sincere repentance."

2—"It (the Inquisition) had been founded by St. Dominic in the 13th Century."

Dr. H. M. MacCracken, a Protestant minister, one-time chancellor of New York University and an editor of *The University Encyclopedia*, agrees with another renowned historical writer, John Addington Symonds, that it is erroneous to say that St. Dominic was the first inquisitor.

As for the Inquisition itself, may I say that it is the sincere opinion of Leopold von Ranke, the world-famous German Protestant historian who helped inaugurate the modern method of historical investigation, as well as the final judgment of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the *American Encyclopedia*, that it was "more political than religious, and destined rather for the maintenance of order than for the defense of faith."

It is certainly unjust for your pictorial essayist to blame the Church, either explicitly or implicitly, for the cruel abuses of the Inquisition. Sixtus IV, Leo X, Paul III, Paul IV and other Supreme Pontiffs vehemently protested against those abuses.

For an impartial discussion of the Inquisition, I should like to refer your feature-writer to Count de Maistre's "Letters on the Spanish Inquisition," as well as to Ranke's "The Ottoman and Spanish Empires."

3—"The Jesuits' insistence on the principle that the end justifies the means made them dreaded even by Catholics."

I should like to ask your pictorial essayist: Where did he detect the Jesuits' employment of the equivocal principle, "the end justifies the means," in the "Spiritual Exercises" of the Order's founder, St. Ignatius, or in his maxim, "for the greater glory of God"? In the holy life of the Jesuit, St. Peter Canisius? In the theological works of the Jesuits, Francis Suarez, Gabriel Vasquez, and Gregory Valentia? In the unselfish missionary labors of the Jesuit, St. Francis Xavier? In the New World martyrdom of the Jesuit, St. Isaac Jogues, and his seven companions? In the definition and defense of the true Church by the Jesuit, St. Robert Bellarmine? In the Jesuit Acquaviva's moral axiom, that "all evil acts, whether intrinsically or extrinsically wrong, are unlawful"? Or in the Ratio Studiorum, which characterizes the International Jesuit Educational System?

I have had the good fortune to have studied under the Jesuits for nearly thirteen years, and I can assure you that neither in their textbooks nor in their discipline have I observed any inclination to so utilitarianistic and dangerous a principle as, "the end justifies the means." On the contrary, I have good reason to believe that Luther, but not good Lutherans, actually acted on this principle. Witness these words, written some years ago by Harvard's Professor of History, R. B. Merriman: "Martin Luther lied despicably and sinned atrociously in that most unsavory affair of the double marriage of Philip of Hesse (The sacred. Yea must for the sake of Christ's Church remain a public Nay)." And, mind you, it is a Protestant pedagogue who quotes Luther.

4—"Nor did the energy of the new spirit (of the Reformation) stop with the 16th Century or the continent of Europe. It leaped the Atlantic Ocean and prepared to clear a continental forest, eliminate the remnants of stone-age man and make an appropriate space where the new dignity of the individual, safeguarded by his new freedom of faith could, under God,

build a citadel, an arsenal and an altar."

In these words there is more poetry than truth. Your historical essayist should, indeed, revise this poetical statement once he seriously reflected upon the discoveries and explorations, missionary labors and civilizing influences of the Spanish, French and Italian Catholics in the Western Hemisphere.

Again, I quote the Protestant Ranke: "In the beginning of the seventeenth century, we find the stately edifice of the Catholic Church fully reared in South America. There were five archbishops, twenty-seven bishops, four hundred monasteries and innumerable priests. Magnificent cathedrals had risen. The Jesuits taught grammar and the liberal arts, and a theological seminary was connected with their college of San Ildefonso. All branches of theological study were taught in the Universities of Mexico and Lima. Meanwhile the mendicant orders had begun steadily to propagate Christianity over the whole continent of South America. Conquests gave place to missions, and missions gave birth to civilization. The monks taught the natives the arts of reading and singing, sowing and reaping, planting trees and building houses; and they in return were regarded with profound veneration and affection by the natives."

Reflection upon these remarkable achievements prompted another internationally-famous Protestant historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay, to remark: "The acquisitions of the Catholic Church in the new world have more than compensated her for what she lost in the old."

But what were the fruits reaped in the Old World by the Reformation? A picture, not at all encouraging, is painted by the Protestant Goethe and presented to us by the Protestant historian and educator, James Anthony Froude. This is the word-picture:

"The German poet Goethe says of Luther, that he threw back the intellectual progress of mankind for centuries by calling in the passions of the multitude to decide subjects which ought to have been left to the learned. Goethe thought that Erasmus and men like Erasmus, had struck on the right track and that if they could have retained the direction of the mind of Europe, there would have been more truth and less falsehood among us at the present time. The party hatreds, the theological rivalries, the persecutions, the civil wars, the religious animosities which have so long distracted us, would have been all avoided and the mind of mankind would have expanded gradually and equally with the growth of knowledge."

By way of conclusion, I should like to say that I am reasonably certain that your pictorial essayist's imprudent remarks about the Catholic Church and her hierarchy were not motivated by spite or bigotry, or by the negativist-skeptic's passion for cutting up a creed or a Church.

It is, then, primarily with the thought of historical veracity uppermost in mind, that I hasten to ask you to publish this letter in your publication; for it is only in this manner that hasty or inaccurate historical statements may be discussed and clarified.

Yours very truly
Benjamin D. Benincasa
(History Instructor)

Mary, Patroness Of Chemical Workers

Dear Editor:

SIX years ago, I bought a small statuette of the Blessed Virgin enclosed in a glass bell. I had it blessed and have taken it along with me whenever I have to go away from home for professional duties.

Some weeks ago, I had an idea which was in effect to ascribe the title of "Protectress of the Chemist and the chemical Profession" to the Blessed Mother in her honor, just as she is recognized today by many American citizens as the Protectress of the United States of America, and her day is celebrated on the 8th day of December each year.

I feel sure that, if she is recognized by the chemists, she will send down many blessings in the form of enlightenment, understanding and wisdom in the solution of chemical problems, and also protection from any and all forces which tend to destroy the dignity

and good name of the chemical profession.

It shall make me extremely happy if some day in the not too far future, not only the American chemist, but also most all of the other chemists in every part of the world will so recognize the Blessed Mother as their Protectress.

As for me, I have already ascribed the title to the Immaculate Virgin, and I shall appreciate it immensely if you could possibly see your way clear in publishing the proposal and idea, which I believe is the first time that it has ever been made or disclosed. I am sure that in this way, the large number of your readers will become aware of this thought, and among these there will no doubt be some Catholic chemists and probably other chemists also.

I wish to thank you very much for your kind attention in the above matter, and I pray that God may send upon you, His every blessing.

Mario R. Attamura
Research Organic Chemist
97 Delaware Ave.
Detroit 2, Michigan.

Enjoys Chats

Chicago, Mar. 15, 1948
7236 S. Artesian Ave.

Editor:

I enjoy your column "Editors' Chats with Readers." It is like receiving a weekly letter from a dear friend.

Since hearing Father Dominic of Rockford address the 3rd Order of St. Francis tertiaries, I make bold to write you along the lines of his address concerning a quite new devotion existing in some 30 parishes or more—a devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of all Tabernacles of His Churches and chapels throughout the entire world.

There are leaders in every parish, who could organize a group of 24 people for 24 hours of the day (one hour per person)—that is perpetual adoration. Others could (as a secondary course) organize a group for one hour a week. In cases where one cannot keep the appointment, arrangements are made beforehand to contact one in the group who would gladly take that hour in exchange for his own. This new devotion has literally transformed those parishes that already started it and many blessings are showered down upon their parishioners—Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

We must through perpetual adoration of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament in all Tabernacles—crush the head of the serpent—once and for all. There's no other way to bring Christ to all Nations, the King of Peace.

Hoping and praying for the reign of Christ, Jesus and Mary—I remain,

Sincerely,
Mrs. M. J. McDonald

P.S.—I never miss the "Gospel Story" by Alberta Schumacher. It's tops with me, as well as your column.

KID STUFF

Sister Maurice was giving a lesson to the pupils of the 1st grade on the love of the Apostles for our Lord. Among other things, she told them that John the Baptist loved our Lord so much that he was beheaded for Him, and that he now wears a martyr's crown in heaven.

Whereupon Billy, who seemed

to be thinking deeply, asked, "Sister, did you say that John the Baptist was beheaded?"

"Yes, I said that."

"And did you say he wears a martyr's crown in heaven?"

"Yes."

"Well, where does he wear it?"—Sister M. A., in the Catholic Digest.

President Truman seems as popular as a Republican, south of the Mason-Dixon line.

Marysville Advocate.

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Right or Wrong

Editors' views on current events

The NODL

EVERYONE in the country has heard of the National Organization for Decent Literature, whose establishment was hailed with joy by all Christian-minded parents in the nation. This organization has to do chiefly with the Story magazines, and its officers are not only elated over the progress they have had in making such periodicals safer for the moral welfare of the reader, but also over the admissions made by publishers that the "clean-up" has insured even to their own benefit. They were rather agreeably surprised to learn that most Americans prefer not to read filth any more than they prefer to see salacious stories shown on the movie screen.

Comic Books

But the NODL did not devote much of its time to the Comics, which are devoured by millions of youths every week. However in different parts of the country independent action was taken by local groups against Comics, and now there is a demand that action be taken against them. Because they are becoming too bold in depicting crime, in attempting suggestive allusions, and resorting to semi-nude drawings, parents are objecting to them.

During the middle of June the druggists of St. Joseph County, in which South Bend, Indiana, is located, under the direction of Albert Dougherty, Secretary of the Druggists' Association, decided to remove all Comic magazines from their racks until such time as the NODL would pass on them, and give the "go sign" to those deserving it. A Resolution was drafted by these druggists to be presented in July to the Indiana Pharmaceutical Association, designed to procure a ban against objectionable Comics throughout Indiana:

"Whereas, There has been a resurgence of objectionable magazines that is bringing condemnation from various municipal and juvenile officials, and

"Whereas, The present group of publications are promoted as 'comic' books and the sales appeal is to the primary and grammar school age level thereby creating a condition that renders it most difficult for druggists to judge what is suitable for the juvenile mind and mentality, and

"Whereas, The druggist should not be placed in the position of being a censor of a free American press, now therefore be it

"Resolved By the Indiana Pharmaceutical Association that the membership discontinue the sale and display of 'comic' books and notify the distributors to delete such magazines from their orders until guarantees can be given by the publishers that they comply with the standards of the National

Organization for Decent Literature, and be it further

"Resolved That copies of this resolution be forwarded to the office of the National Organization for Decent Literature and to the Indiana distributors of magazines.

Comic Book Threat

Commenting on this action of the South Bend Pharmacy Club, the editor of the South Bend Tribune wrote editorially on June 16:

"As members of South Bend Pharmacy club express it 'the druggist should not be placed in a position of being a censor of a free American press.' Much popular literature, however, is sold in American pharmacies and the proprietors of those establishments have become resentful of the misuse of the 'free American press' privilege by certain publishers whose products appeal especially to boys and girls. So reluctantly but vigorously the organized pharmacists are acting for correction.

"The South Bend Pharmacy club is indicating determination to suggest a boycott on comic books by all pharmacists in the United States. The mere threat of a boycott may make certain comic book publishers more cautious. Some of the comic books actually are unfit, dangerously so, for the boys and girls who are attracted to them while they are readily accessible. A boycott of all comic books by pharmacists, who constitute an important group of distributors, would affect some publishers whose products are not bad. But, as the organized South Bend pharmacists point out, the burden of judgment in each case should not be placed upon the proprietors of pharmacies.

"The publishers of comic books that are not bad for young people may be impelled to give formal reassurance to the pharmacists as to the quality of their products and also apply some sort of pressure to the publishers of books unfit for young people. Members of the South Bend Pharmacy club have in the past cooperated most vigorously to limit the circulation of salacious popular literature. In their latest endeavor, this time in the comic book zone, they are earning the commendation of all decent citizens."

The South Bend promoters are not satisfied with having the Indiana druggists join them in fighting for decent Comics, but they intend to ask for the adoption of their resolution by the delegates to twenty-one conventions in that many states during the month of July.

On June 29 a news item emanating from Indianapolis called attention to the war on objectionable Comic books now being conducted by the Mayor of that city, and pronounced it a complete success. Distributors were asked to remove from their city newsstands all Comic magazines which offend good taste.

Misquotation Still Crops Up

A READER has sent us a marked copy of the February, 1948, *The New Age* magazine, and marks a paragraph which he would have us answer. That paragraph reads: "According to a news item of March 13, 1947, in the *New York Times*, Bishop Noll, of the Fort Wayne, Indiana, Diocese, admitted

at a meeting in Chicago on the previous day that 'nearly all the evils of society prevail most where we (Catholics) live and not where the Protestants live.'"

We should like to say that when notices of that alleged remark appeared in the *New York Times* and other papers receiving the same press service, we did answer it.

The Bishop made the observation, before a large audience, that it is unfortunate that four-fifths of all Catholics live in the cities where they are subjects to the many evils which do not prevail in rural districts, where more than 80% of the Protestants live. He certainly did not intend to say that Catholics are responsible for the lower moral conditions of city life, but that it just so happens that they live where every other marriage ends in divorce, where taverns and gambling halls prevail, where the big movie houses are, where lewd literature is sold at so many stands.

It should not be necessary for us to apprise Protestants that the divorce rate among Catholics is comparatively low, and that most of the young divorcees, who seem in our large cities, are not Catholics, while Catholics are thrown among them.

Catholics certainly could not be held responsible for off-color movies, since they, more than others, follow the listings of the Legion of Decency. They are not the chief purchasers of lewd literature, because they are pledged not to read it.

The substance of the Bishop's argument was as follows:

Since Catholics are chiefly an urban people, and the Protestants are chiefly a rural people, the latter are not subjected to the same harmful influence in social life as are the former whose lot is cast where these evils most prevail.

It is certainly a different thing to say that it is unfortunate that Catholics are predominantly an urban people than to say that Catholics are the cause of the moral dangers in our cities.

The Public Schools

Another marked passage in the same number of *The New Age* reads as follows: "If the Bishops lament the secular spirit in our public schools, they have few to blame besides themselves through the years that they have been anathematizing them."

As a matter of fact the chief critics of the public schools are not Catholics, who have never "anathematized" them. Catholics understand full well that in a country like America, where 70,000,000 people belong to no religion, there is a need of a public school system.

We should like to call attention

He Spent Three Years In A Cell

Things can happen like this. A chap gets interested in Catholic Action in Chicago. He's in the cell (Catholic Action cell, that is) three years. Then his job takes him to Minneapolis. No cells. A newcomer just doesn't have the contacts for starting one. Then he goes to a lay retreat at the Benedictine Abbey at Collegeville, Minnesota. He comes home with a half dozen prospects.

That's the beginning. In the three years since there have been scores of Cana conferences for married couples; there have been some dozen units organized for Catholic Action.

The man who started it all was one Michael Putman, a young business man who still believes Catholic Action should stay in business; and that a guy doesn't have to walk off the assembly line to do the job. He'd like to see Catholic Action on the boards of corporations directing policy instead of outside complaining about it.

The fellow is terrific—along and all. If you want to see how a lay apostle thinks, and how he states his thinking, read Mike's talk to the boys in the July issue of the *Catholic Digest*. Its on page 41 and it proves "You Can Be Better Than You Are." There are many more good things. This is a live and a strong issue. Subscribe today.

Subscription rates are: One year, \$3.00; two years, \$5.00; three years, \$6.75.

Address the *Catholic Digest*, 40 E. 9th St., St. Paul, 2, Minn.—(Adv.).

Send Us Your Old Jewelry For Chalice

A reader has sent us some old jewelry which she would like to have used for the construction of a chalice. Since her offering did not begin to be sufficient for that purpose, we are herewith inviting people who have old jewelry in silver or gold, and precious stones, to add to the collection we have already received so that we may have enough to have one or two chalices made to order either for the National Shrine, or for a Catholic seminary or a perpetual Adoration Chapel.

The donor may form his intention for the direct contribution regarded as a prayer to the Precious Blood of Christ by way of reparation or thanksgiving or petition.

The jewelry may be sent directly to *Our Sunday Visitor* with the assurance that it will be used for the purpose contributed.

of the editor to an item which appeared in the press the day before we penned this comment. It tells of an Irish immigrant of Escanaba, Michigan, who left \$820,000.00 for "Escanaba Public Schools." This woman was Catherine Bonifas, a Catholic. She did leave some bequests to her Church, but more to the public schools of her city, besides leaving a large amount to the city and county for the erection of a "new city hall-courthouse." She also gave \$150,000.00 to the Michigan Board of Education for a "public school" at Garden, Michigan.

We do not recall that *The New Age* ever referred to the activities of a Mr. Sullivan, a Catholic of Atlantic, Georgia, who gave of his personal means and collected money among citizens to save the public schools of that city.

Editors' Chats With Readers

Continued from page 1

was he who asked for the Perfect Christmas Gift from his parents.

Six Down, One To Go

"After a thorough course of instruction Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell cleared up their remaining difficulties, made their Profession of Faith and were baptized with 17 others at the Cathedral on last Palm Sunday. They were the 100th and 101st converts of the 106 instructed and received by the Paulist Fathers at the Catholic Information Center since its opening in November, 1946.

"As the four brothers knelt at the altar rail on Easter Sun-

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day morning for the First Communion of their parents it was a happy home-coming for them all—at least almost all of them. Six down, one to go! must have been their prayer for William, Jr.—the one surviving non-Catholic in the family."

Sincerely Yours in Christ,
The Editors

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Father Conroy Talking

First Fridays



ALMOST every week someone will write in asking a question regarding the making of the Nine First Fridays. That the Nine First Fridays are often misunderstood, is indicated by these letters and questions. Now really, it is important that this devotion to the Sacred Heart be quite clear in mind. If not it can lead to a lot of trouble, as shown in the following excerpt from a letter which came to my desk recently. The writer is a sixteen year old high school boy.

"I am afraid I am going to lose my Faith in God and everything else. It's all over the Nine First Fridays. Here's what's the matter: About three weeks ago my oldest sister Janie, a freshman in college, went on a vacation trip with three other girls. They were driving along—too fast, I guess from what the police said—and hit a stalled car. Well, my sister was sitting in the front seat and she and another girl were killed. The point is this, Father Conroy, that she never missed a First Friday Holy Communion. She used to tell me to make them too. I thought that if a person made the whole nine he wouldn't have to worry about being saved and would have the priest when he died. But she

Continued on page 8

Dad's Birthday Gift To His 18-Year-Old Son

J. P. HANCOCK

YOU'RE eighteen today, son. You've seen the Royal Wedding and you've pulled an oar for Oxford and you can recite Churchill's sweat-and-tears speech from memory and with understanding.

You're using my old razor quite regularly, too, and those photographs on your dresser upstairs—mighty pretty young ladies!

This is your eighteenth birthday and I'm so thankful we're together, son. I have a present . . . something special for this man-sized birthday.

Whoa! Not so fast, young man! Before you open the box, let your father explain something. I want to talk a bit. Not a speech, mind you, just talk.

You're smiling, son. And why

not? Seems as though each birthday your clumsy father tries to say something appropriate and botches it. I'm afraid I'm not as colorful as your sweat-and-tears hero.

You know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking of your tenth birthday. Remember that day? I wager I was tight-lipped to the point of seeming stupid. We've laughed over it since, but I don't believe I ever really explained my end of it.

Perhaps I wanted to save the explanation for a certain day—a day like your eighteenth birthday, when you'd get a special present, too.

Eight years ago, remember? My ship had only a few hours in port. I'd been so worried about my chances of getting shore leave to

keep my date with you. My commanding officer was a very understanding man, but even so, there was barely enough time for even ten minutes with you. Every second counted.

Seconds! Minutes! They used to plague me. At sea, I'd watch the clocks in the charthouse, the engine room, the fo'castle, the mess—wherever I saw one. Time went slowly. The second hand crawled around. Each minute that ticked off, I'd tell myself, "that much closer to my son." Time was something to be speeded up. It got so I'd count the vibrations of the ship's screw. Two thumps meant two seconds and a few feet closer to London—and our meeting. A convoy creeps, son. The rate of time seemed more maddening than U-boats or Stukas.

Yes, your tenth birthday. You were such a little shaver. Could that visit mean as much to you as it did to me? I wonder.

My throat felt numb as soon as you greeted me. You spoke first, remember? "Hello, father," you said in your precise little way. I just stood there. My fingers started to tremble and I stuck my hands in my pockets so they wouldn't be so noticeable. I wanted to hug you . . . or I wanted to say something endearing and warm like your mother would have said. I couldn't do either. Now that I was actually talking with you, all those fatherly sentences I'd rehearsed at sea seemed to stick in my throat. So I just stood there with my hands in my pockets and I said, "Hello, son." Stiff. Formal.

There was a painful silence but you quickly broke it. "Did you miss me, father?"

Miss you? I told you I counted the seconds that separated us, didn't I? No, I guess I didn't. Son, I'm trying to tell you now.

Perhaps you thought your father was ungrateful. Many British sailors weren't able to have such moments with their children.

No, that wasn't it at all. I told myself to relax, to open up and say the things a father should say. I told myself this wasn't the North Atlantic, this was a moment with you, son. I told myself to pretend we'd never be torn apart in a few minutes. See what I mean? Minutes! It was almost automatic the way I turned away suddenly and stared at the clock. The second hand was an agony to me. It pin-wheeled around.

That's the trouble with reunions and separations. You get to living in terms of minutes. Time's

Continued on page 8

Gospel Story

A Day In The Life Of John Doe!

ALBERTA SCHUMACHER

HOW many of Our Lord's possessions do we, His stewards on earth, squander in a day? Let us take a single day in the life of the average person and see. John Doe awakens, raises the shade at his bedroom window and looks out to see a beautiful sunrise. Long, golden fingers of light brush night's shadows to one side even as a housewife sweeps the dirt out early in the morning.

John Doe looks at the sun, blinks his eyes, and yawns. The significance of the sunrise beauty is lost on him. A fervent aspiration, a simple "I thank you, God, for the sunrise"—these could add to heav-

en's treasure. John Doe could have prayed as the sun rose that he might influence one person for Christ in some way before the sun set. That would have been giving God some return on His investment in beauty for our benefit. So John Doe has squandered God's sunrise!

John Doe dresses and puts on his shoes, never giving a thought to God. He could have said an Our Father and 10 Hail Marys in the time he took dawdling over his dressing. But John Doe forgot that "all God's children haven't got shoes," and he squandered a gift from God, letting it be wast-

ed, meriting nothing for him in heaven.

Eggs cooked just right, bacon done to a turn. John Doe was hungry. He ate with relish. He may have praised the cook—I doubt that—anyway, he never praised Our Lord for giving mankind succulent food. Physically he put his breakfast to good use, but spiritually he squandered it!

On his way to work John Doe passed a Catholic church. He glanced casually at the brick and stone never realizing that in walking past without making the Sign

Continued on page 8

Understanding Of Sex Differences Important In Courtship

Knowledge Helps To Avoid Dangerous Familiarity

REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN, Ph. D.
The University of Notre Dame

A word about the differences in the sexes is in order. The physical basis of the sex instinct is more highly localized in man and may be more easily aroused. In woman the physical elements play a larger and more important role. Actions and contacts which leave her virtually undisturbed may greatly arouse the passions of her male companion. Consequently, it is necessary for the girl to bear in mind the wisdom of discouraging any liberty which may act as a fuse setting off an explosion on the part of her friend. In a sense she must be the keeper of his conscience as well as of her own. She must be considerate of him as well as of herself.

Yet how often that protection is denied a young man, through lack of understanding of his danger. "One of the greatest dangers," points out M. A. Bigelow, "that present-day boys in the latest teens (and the twenties) must learn to face with stoical grip on their own impulsive tendencies is the almost inevitable temptation thrown before them in the whirl of social life by perfectly decent and innocent girls who by nature do not understand why and what wherefore is the young man's problem of self-control."

"Fails To Realize"

Not uncommonly the girl fails to realize that a familiarity, which seems to her to be an innocent expression of romantic love, may quickly ignite the tinderbox of the boy's passion, setting off a terrific explosion. Because the physical elements of sex are usually dormant or quiescent in her nature, she does not sense that what is safe for her may be extremely perilous for her friends. If these differences were more widely understood by young people of both sexes, many dangers and temptations now unwittingly placed before young men would be avoided.

"If each understood the other's nature and impulses better," observes Dr. J. M. Cooper, "their courtship problems would not, it is true, be solved one hundred per cent, but there would be notably fewer slips, more mutual consideration and protection, less liberties,

and more of ennobling and purifying love in its highest levels."

A Life Preserver

The average young man wants to do right. Under the sledge hammer blows of newly awakened sex instincts, he stands, however, desperately in need of help. Even when outwardly pleading for liberties, he is often inwardly hoping and pray-

ing that the girl will save him from himself. If she is a wise and considerate girl, she will not fail to help him in his moment of desperate need. An earnest word, a look of disapproval, a sudden change in the conversation, a quick and determined step away, will be the life preserver thrown to him as he is sinking.

When thus rescued, with his senses restored to him, a sentiment of boundless admiration will well up in his heart for the girl who saved him. That understanding gesture, in which were mingled sympathy and firmness, is the finest possible expression of true friendship and nobility of character. The young man, if he has any

streak of decency in him, will not fail to take the cue and keep his courtship, henceforth, safely away from the danger zones.

A Paradox

A young man is a curious paradox. That paradox asserts itself in the reaction which not infrequently mystifies the girl. He has pleaded and begged for certain liberties. After he has obtained them, does he feel pride over his success and gratitude for the girl who yielded to his entreaties? On the contrary, he is ashamed of himself, and disillusioned with the girl.

The contempt that he feels for himself spreads over to her who was the accessory to his misdeed. Instead of the exultant joy of victory there is the sting of a humiliating defeat. Such a friendship has received a body blow. If it is to survive, a different course must be pursued by both.

The reaction of the man may appear to the girl as strange, paradoxical, contradictory. It may be all that and more. But it is as old as humanity. It is mirrored in the Second Book of Kings, which tells how Ammon prevailed upon Thamar, much against her will. "Do not so," she pleaded, "do not force me: for no such thing must be done in Israel . . . For I shall not be able to bear my shame, and thou shalt be as one of the fools in Israel." He hearkened not, however, to her earnest pleading . . . her tearful entreaty.

Did the action elicit his praise and ensure his love? Listen to the verse which immediately follows the record of the deed: "Then Ammon hated her with an exceeding great hatred; so that the hatred wherewith he hated her was greater than the love with which he had loved her before. And Ammon said to her: Arise, and get thee gone." Such was the reaction of man at the beginning of history. Such will be his reaction till the crack of doom. For the spiritual element which constitutes man's distinctive nature will always rise in wrath and condemnation against the flesh which betrays him for a mess of pottage.



"If each understood the other's nature and impulses better," explained Father O'Brien, "they could help each other in courtship . . . a time of stress and strain."

Wally Kunkle Photo, South Bend, Ind.

Noted Author Tells Of Her Conversion

Continued from last week

It may be argued that I could always have prayed at home. I did, and do pray at home. But there are very few periods, except late at night, when the mother of a family and the head of a household can retire from her manifold duties, secure in the knowledge that there will be no intrusion on her solitude, even if she has no specialized work aside from these. If in addition she covers the current news, edits a magazine, writes books, makes speeches, and acts as the official hostess for a man in public life—all of which I have done in the course of seclusion are considerably slimmer. I am a reasonably good organizer but I have never yet reached the point where I could say, "I am going into my room now, to pray for the next half-hour. Please do not break in on me unless the house catches fire, or some member of the family drops dead." Inside of five minutes there would be a knock on the door accompanied by the apologetic announcement, "I am terribly sorry to interrupt you but—"

Even if this mundane contingency were not omnipresent, I do not feel like making a formal announcement to an outsider every time I am impelled to pray. I say "outsider" because anyone, however near and dear, is an interloper to a suppliant in prayer before the throne of grace. This is a moment of the utmost intimacy as well as of supreme sanctity, and as such it must also be a moment of complete privacy. At a moment of this kind the church offers

sanctuary when the chamber does not.

Benefits Of Prayer Vary In Character

The occasions when the power of prayer has been cogently revealed to me have varied greatly in character. For instance, I remember leaving the Madison Square Garden late one night when the National Democratic Convention of 1924 was in full swing. Like most correspondents I was almost frantic with fatigue by that time, and as I got into a taxi, I told the driver to go up Fifth Avenue, so that I could have at least a breath of air before I went back to my stifling hotel room. As we approached Fiftieth Street, I saw that St. Patrick's Cathedral was still lighted. I stopped the taxi and went in. When I came out, half an hour later, I was refreshed in body and soothed in spirit. I slept like a baby that night.

I remember too a day when I stumbled down the steps after leaving the consultation room of a famous oculist. What did I expect, he had asked me sternly, when he had questioned me concerning the underlying causes of the intermittent loss of vision I was experiencing? Why should I suppose the muscles of eyes so abused should not rebel, like any other muscle of the body, when overstrained? The condition might be cured, of course, with infinite care and patience. Meanwhile it was serious—

Is there any word more dreadful than "blindness" to a writer's ears? I do not think so. After I had stumbled down the oculist's steps, I stumbled across the street. The doors of St. Matthew's Church stood wide open. I was sobbing when I went in and knelt down. But I was completely calm when I came out. And my eyes got well.

The times when I sought out a church for purpose of prayer were not all desperate moments like these, though there were many others of this kind. I shall never forget a silent hour which I spent enfolded in the gloom and grandeur of the Toledo Cathedral. The old verger, seeing me sitting there, approached me deferentially and asked me if I would not like to see the treasure. I told him that I had been sight-seeing all day, that I was too tired to see anything more. As a matter of fact, that I could not kneel or even formulate any coherent sentences. I merely sat. He looked at me for a moment then he said quietly, "Bueno! A church is a good place in which to rest, Senora." And after that he went away. I have never seen him again. And I have never forgotten what he said, either.

Then there was the day when I heard that, for the first time, a story of mine had been accepted for a serial. It was in the middle of a morning, a week day. My husband was at his office, my sons all at school. But I was so bursting with joy and pride that I had to tell someone at once. And I had to give thanks, because of this wonderful thing that had finally happened, after years of discouragement and defeat in the field of fiction. Ten minutes after receiving the editor's letter, I was in a church.

There have been many middays when, after excited shopping along the Faubourg St. Honore, I have dropped in at the Madeleine to give thanks because I had been able to earn the money to pay for the pretty dresses and chic hats I had bought. There have been many midnights—in Manila, in Santiago, in Freiburg, in Washington itself—when I have gone to one beautiful candle-light church after another to give thanks for God's Greatest of all Gifts to men. In Manila it is customary—or at least it used to be—to leave the fashionable ball at Tiro el Blanco, add a mantilla and an all-enveloping cloak to one's evening dress, and go to Christmas Mass, returning, after this was over, to the ball again. In nobody's mind was there any idea that it was unsuitable to mingle secular and sacred joy in this way.

I was profoundly impressed by the fact. The more I traveled about, the more it was borne home to me that no Catholic with whom I came in contact seemed to con-

RECENT quotations published in our column "Editors' Chats with Readers" from the conversion story of Frances Parkinson Keyes elicited much interest among our readers and many requested that the story be published in full. We have obtained permission for such publication from the publishers of Mrs. Keyes' "Along a Little Way," the Julian Messner Co. 8 West 40th St., New York City. A limited number of copies of the book are available at \$1.00 each.

Prayer To St. Jude

("Pray to St. Jude for desperate causes")

HEARTSICK and humble, cowed and desperate,
I kneel before thy altar, holy Jude!
My strength is spent, and all my fortitude
Is shattered by calamity and hate.
No longer can I bear the heavy weight
Of sorrow laid upon me, or the road
Which carrying, I cannot consecrate.
My foes have robbed me—bleeding and bereft
Of all I treasured, have I sought thy shrine
In desolation—not a friend is left
To soothe and share the anguish which is mine.
But undefeated still, I kneel—and dare
To believe that thou wilt heed and grant my prayer!

sider that any reasonable pleasure was in itself an evil thing. It could be converted into evil, of course. But that was entirely different. Enjoyment of life, in all its normal phases, was regarded as natural and desirable.

I heard this viewpoint embodied in a charming old Spanish legend: St. Peter, so the story ran, was accustomed to ask suppliants at the gates of Heaven whether they had taken advantage of all the earthly joys made available to them through the goodness of God. If they admitted that they had not, he shook his head sadly, "Alas, my child!" he then said in a somber tone, "how can you expect to be ready for celestial joys if you have not prepared yourself for them through the medium of terrestrial joys? I shall be obliged to send you away unless and until you learn better." Recognizing that St. Peter would probably have many other peccadillos with which to reproach me, I decided that he should never do so on this particular score!

Hardly Conscious Of Change Of Viewpoint

The change in my own viewpoint, of which I had hardly been conscious, was brought home to me in full force for the first time when I was spending a week-end in Boston. One of my sons was then at the Harvard Law School, another at Harvard College, and the third at Milton Academy. I suggested that after church, to which we all went together, each should bring a boy who was far from home to a midday dinner at the quiet hotel where I was staying with my secretary; after dinner we would make up two tables of bridge. I recall that one of the boys invited was a member of the Soong family, a brother of two charming women each of whom has been the wife of a president of China. With the flair for cards typical of his race, he won almost every rubber; his pleasure was apparent and gratifying. The other guests were also loud in their thanks for a day that had "seemed like home."

They lingered so long that I was late for a supper engagement with an aunt. By way of explanation, I laughingly said that I had been playing bridge all the afternoon with a group of youngsters, who had such a good time that they did not know when to stop. I shall never forget the chilly silence with which this announcement was greeted. I was conscious of reproving eyes all around the family board. For an instant I could not imagine what was the matter. Then I realized that in the opinion of my relatives I had not been creating a harmonious and helpful atmosphere for my sons and their friends; instead I had been breaking the Sabbath Day and encouraging the young in bad habits. In my own turn, I was frozen with horror that such a construction could be put on a source of innocent merriment. I

felt then that I was nearing a parting of the ways.

Parting Of Ways Becomes More Certain

I felt still more certain of this parting after a gloomy Sunday which I spent alone in London. At four in the afternoon, I went through the pouring rain to vespers at Westminster Abbey. After the service was over, I wandered down the nave to look at the Unknown Soldier, which I really wanted to see. But almost instantly a severe verger appeared at my side and in a somber tone ordered me to pass on out, as the abbey was about to be closed. "But surely you keep it open for prayer and meditation," I protested. "Not on Sunday, madam," he informed me in a voice of finality, and I went forth into the rain again.

At the same time that I was absorbing the essential joyousness of Catholicism as contrasted to the essential austerity of Puritanism, I was also observing the unswerving policy of the Catholic Church in regard to what, for lack of a better expression, might be called basic decency. With this, so I discovered, it never compromised. In the midst of a confused and chaotic world, it remained steadfast in its attitude not only towards the famous Seven Deadly Sins, but toward degeneracy and depravity in any form. It declined to countenance lewd literature or debased dramatics. It stood unwaveringly for the permanence and sanctity of family life. It encouraged and upheld its children's groping efforts to achieve and maintain a state of grace, guiding and forgiving, but never condoning.

All this roused my admiration and challenged my courage. I had been brought up to set stern standards for myself, but all around me I saw these standards slipping; I had begun to wonder whether they really mattered so much after all. At that stage I had never written a best seller, and it is the natural desire of every author to achieve one; I felt that perhaps if I wrote a different type of book I should be more successful. All around me I saw disrupted families which were apparently getting along very well. I thought it was perhaps not worth while to insist on the maintenance of an unsevered circle.

Realizes Church Upholds Standards

It was the attitude of the Catholic Church, with which by the time I had become thoroughly familiar, that made me realize, more than any other one thing, that the old standards were not all gone, that they did still matter that they were vital and essential, and that they always would be. It did not seem strange to me, as an author, when I achieved a place on a national best seller list and on the White List at the same time. I knew that this was the way, for me at least, that things would have to be. It did not seem strange to me, as a woman, when the clouds that threatened my personal peace evaporated. I knew that this also was bound to happen.

Continued on page 9

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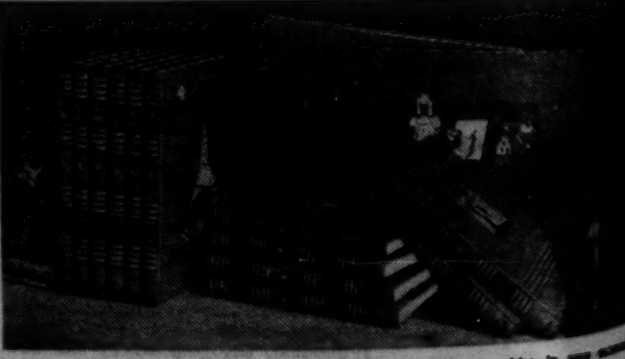
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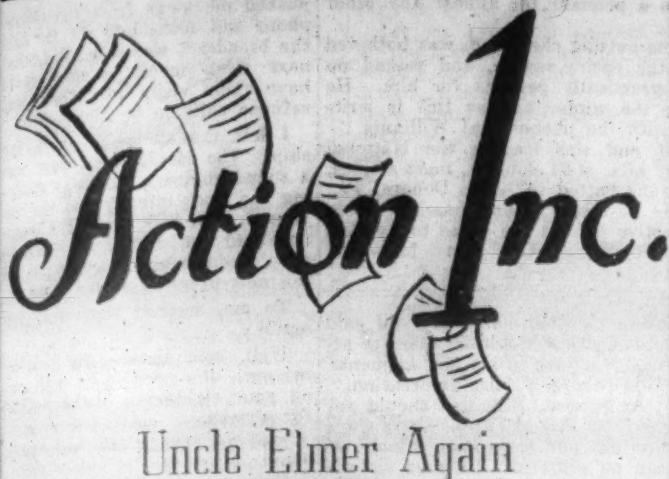
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JIM CUNNINGHAM

I WAS discussing the term "liberal" with my Uncle Elmer the other night, and while we never did find an exact definition we had a mighty hot session; even brought in a couple of the Pope's encyclicals. Unk's a lawyer and he sure loves to argue.

We agreed that as a label the word has had quite a kicking around until now it's hard to find two men who mean the same thing when they call another a "liberal."

Uncle Elmer said his idea of a liberal was a man like Henry Wallace. "Wild-eyed type," Unk called him, "doesn't know where he's going, and has all the other nutty radicals following right behind." But he added that a college student in his block told him, "What this country needs is more progressive men with the courage to stand up and be liberals—men like Senator Wagner, Walter Reuther, and Justice Douglas."

I remembered that in Saul Alinsky's *Reveille for Radicals*, the liberal is described as a weak-kneed, well-intentioned do-nothing who attends rallies for good causes but never sacrifices himself to help wipe out injustices.

The Popes came into the discussion, and fireworks started, when I said maybe a liberal was one who believed in Liberalism.

"Well, how do you define Liberalism?" asked Unk.

I showed him where in *Reconstructing the Social Order*, Pius XI speaks of Liberalism as the belief of people who want government to keep hands off business and social welfare and remain, "a mere guardian of law and good order."

"Right," said Unk, his eyes twinkling, "that's the kind of liberal I am."

"Wait a minute," I told him, "the Popes condemned that kind of thinking."

"What do you mean," yelled Unk, "men who have thought that way have been our great leaders, made this country what it is—"

I calmed him down finally, and read some more from the encyclical:

Government must put forth every effort so that through the entire scheme of laws and institutions both public and individual wellbeing may develop spontaneously out of the very structure and administration of the State. Just freedom of action must, of

course, be left both to individual citizens and to families, yet only on condition that the common good be preserved and wrong to any individual be abolished. The function of the rulers of the State, more over, is to watch over the community and its parts; but in protecting private individuals in their rights, chief consideration ought to be given to the weak and poor.

"That was written for the European countries where the workers are all poor," Unk said in his most convincing legal manner, "practically all the workers in this country have a high standard of living, no need for the government to be interfering in economic life."

I asked him to slow up and go one step at a time and admit that when private groups fail to solve a nation's social problems, that it is the duty of government to step in.

"Well, no doubt that's what the Popes meant," he admitted, "but private groups haven't failed in this country—Liberalism has worked here—"

"You're wrong Unk, there have been a lot of failures—"

"Name one—"

I began listing the unsolved problems: Housing: We need 5,000,000 homes for low income families and 7,500,000 more in the next ten years, and private groups have done practically nothing to supply them."

"Housing is a tricky thing—"

sputtered Unk.

"But the fact is the problem is there and has been there for years and is unsolved. It's time Congress passed Senator Taft's housing bill."

Uncle Elmer didn't have a ready answer to that one, and I threw a couple more problems at him:

Civil Rights: Private groups have failed to provide millions of our citizens with the basic rights to earn a living, enjoy security of person, vote, receive a complete education, etc.

Distribution of Income: Half of the families in this nation have sub-standard incomes below \$2600.

"Takes time to solve those problems," Unk looked around for his hat as he said it, "we've got to be patient, these things will—"

I reminded him that the demands of justice are immediate, and then quoted from *Condition of the Workers*, where Pope Leo XIII says:

Whenever the general interest of any particular group suffers or is threatened with evils which can in no other way be met, the public authority must step in to meet them.

"There's nothing in there about waiting forty years to see if private groups might find a solution—"

"No there isn't, is there?" said Unk grabbing his hat, and starting for the door. And as he went out he quibbled:

"I still think I'm a liberal."

Of the books studied, those which claim they decrease crime seem to be the worst. Many of these are based on true cases and as a result show actual methods and plausible means whereas the fictional type super-book is too fantastic to be dangerous, though they, too, tend to glorify a disregard of law and foster criminal and sexual urges.

One of the "true" books prints a page of "saved from a life of crime" letters. A typical example: "One day I was going to poison a lady. Then I picked up your wonderful book... It was this your magazine, that saved me."

Tips in these books on swindles and rackets to avoid are real enough to be used by a weak minded person who would figure on beating the rap. Methods of slipping items to imprisoned convicts such as passing a key with a kiss and cutting spaces in books and so on are based on true cases. There are no reasons why they will not work again in some jail, thanks to the publishers of comic books.

Advertising also comes in for an overhaul in these magazines; not all of it, of course, but 10 of the 15 books offered an air pistol which shoots BB's, steel darts or "hard hitting" .177 pellets. Another book which urges one to "obey the law" advertises at 25 cents each books on the greatest prison breaks of all time, the 10 most terrible crimes of all times, big shot gangsters and how detectives catch crooks...

South Bend druggists who are trying to stop the sale of these evil books should be supported by every father and mother. Child delinquency decreases and happy homes can be the result.

Crime School Tuition Cheap If Youths Use Comic Books

WARREN G. WHEELER, JR.
South Bend Tribune Staff Writer

MURDER comes cheap. For \$1.50 you can keep 20 coroners busy for a month. If you don't believe it try it at your nearest magazine counter. Your youngsters know if you don't.

A sampling of 15 comic books shows the tuition in crime school is dirt cheap. A dime will cover a semester full of

courses sure to graduate you a full-fledged gangster. There may be a post-graduate course in a penitentiary but during vacation the eager student can cause a lot of damage and maybe bloodshed. Taxpayers endow crime schools.

There are kiddies' comic, there are books featuring national comic strip characters, some funny and some not. Then there are the type bought at random for this appraisal, the kind suggesting violence on the cover, the kind where guns "are thicker than monkeys' fleas and there is a murder every seventh panel on the average.

Killing is as natural as eating in these books. This mad mayhem stirred with sexy girls, easy money and disregard for law, however, is merely a summer cold compared to the small pox some of these books contain.

Lesson In Death

In Johnston, Pa., June 2, a 14-year-old boy tried a lesson in murder shown in a comic book he stayed home to read. He experimented with the manner of hanging shown in a cartoon, slipped from his bed and was killed. Two youngsters recently flew a stolen airplane several hundred miles. They had learned to fly it from a comic book.

A couple of the books in this study would not hurt junior. The rest, if he has an impressionable mind, are at least food for nightmares. But worse than that is the menu of crime techniques.

For example, a book that announces "you can't beat the law" goes all the way through in each true story to show the criminals' unfortunate but deserved deaths. However, the monotonously similar hot seat panels are sandwiched in one to a story. Between them are 50 or so other panels and occasional pages with details and lessons useful to any youngster looking for new thrills and easy cash. Included, too, are ideas which an older criminal might hanker after.

Based On True Crime

Let us take a book published by an outfit which has child experts on its advisory board and obviously wants to do right or at least give that impression. It, unlike many other books which carry mail order firecracker advertising, speaks loudly against bootleg fireworks or use of any such items. Its stories are based on true crimes.

Aside from minor things like

loaded dice, some counterfeiters who tend to become heroes, dynamiting of armored cars, glorification of a bank robbing gang that pulled just one too many jobs, the actual criminal says: "I'll be smarter than those guys, look at the dough they got before they got dumb." This book offers a neat course in summer crime.

It's the story of the "buzzer gang" which cleaned up on summer burglaries and was captured only by a fluke. Again the reader with criminal leanings will figure he won't be that dumb. This story gives at least seven sound tips for the would-be successful summer vacation burglar. It is temptingly foolproof.

Saw It In Comic Book

One of four youngsters recently involved in 14 burglaries in South Bend told juvenile officers where he learned an easy way to enter buildings without being detected. He used this method on the first of 10 burglaries in which he participated after seeing it in a comic book. He told the judge, "It looked pretty good."

Interested in poisoning anyone? One book told of a sure fire method used recently in an actual case in Columbia, Mo. It failed only because of a careless mistake "which I won't make." The poison used and the method of administering it along with the advantages of this method were given. It is an easily obtainable poison.

Another book listed what purported to be an actual "prescription." Though the drugs used are difficult to obtain older criminals might well find ways and means. It, too, listed methods of application.

Opposed by Druggists.

These 15 books were purchased on a South Bend counter available to anyone. They were not behind the counter stuff which can also be obtained in some places. Druggists, who say they oppose the whole trade in comic books, say that unless they keep a constant watch on the stock brought them undesirable books creep in though they have not been ordered.

A local manager complains of children who steal the books; in most cases just because it's smart. A well known doctor's son was caught recently by the manager with 10 books stuffed under his belt. The manager said the boy had more than enough money in his pocket to pay for the books.

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Bells For The Belles

Life At Villa Augustina

WITH heads up and hopes just as high, we approach Villa Augustina Boarding School. Time: September 8. Scene: The front entrance. We meet the first bell of the school and, with apologies to formality, the first belle of the nunnery. A kind-faced, smiling nun rushes to answer our call and to welcome us into the house and heart of "Jesus-Marie."

For a few days, the bells are rather confusing, and in the case of the 6:00 a. m., thoroughly terrifying. But as our spirits gradually conform to the routine, we realize that the first sound to disturb our peaceful slumber is not some horrible, screeching creature from a nightmare, but the dormitory bell, ringing loud and clear, with an equally clear meaning: Time to get up.

The next important call is for Mass. Though at times we enter chapel with half-closed eyes and wandering minds, we still realize how fortunate we are to attend Mass, and we do our best to make

this hour the most important of the day. Even at this time, the bell has its happiest moment as it tinkles softly, yet joyously, at the Consecration, when all other sounds are hushed for the Sacred moment.

Then come the summons for class Religion, with its peace; chemistry, with its explosions, and then a recess for "revival" from unconsciousness. After two more strenuous hours of learning, we hearken to the hand bell of the refectory supervisor, as it joyfully says "Deo Gratias" or gruesomely commands silence. At recreation, there is a short escape from tinkling and tankling, but at 1:05, the huge outdoor clangor clangs from the porch and we dash breathlessly into French class, opener of the P. M. periods.

Saturdays have a routine of their own. Bells for later rising, cleaning in dormitory, study, recreation, sewing. Last but not least comes 4:30, when we walk backwards into the study hall as

the bell rings for the reckoning of behavior accounts.

On Sundays, most of us eagerly await the 11:00 bell as it is the signal for a homeward departure. During the afternoon those who await their parents jump at every ring of the front-door bell, in hopes that some loved one will be the owner of the hand behind the sound-transmitter.

When holidays draw near, we begin to count hours instead of days. But as the last bell of the year will announce the temporary dismissal of the other classes and the final farewell of the Seniors, I think perhaps our Adam's apple will swell, and we shall finally realize how lucky we were to have parents who sacrificed many things to give us such a marvelous education. We may understand too, at that moment, how much we owe to our teachers, who have given us their very best. In each of these hearts, may God ring His loving chimes of peace, and joy, and grace!

We Enjoy Pages Of Other Schools



Left to right, seated: Vivian Morin, Lillian Ratte and Geraldine Brousseau; standing: Marlene Gregoire, Judith Robitaille, Jeanne Hebert, Jeannine Rouillard, Barbara Moran and Beverly Parks.

Busy Bees

'Nectar' And 'Vox Villae'

JUDITH ROBITAILLE

A certain insect symbolizes industry. That is why, at "Nectar"—publishing time, our halls are filled with busy bees.

We Villa-ites, with no intended offense to Mr. Webster, define "Nectar" as the collection of our best school work; the intellectual drink of A. V. A. students; a refreshing beverage, destined to quench our thirst for knowledge, culture, and appreciation.

Our thoughts may be ineptly expressed, but we feel sure the gods (mythological, of course) never tasted as sweet a beverage as can be had from our cup o' goodwill. Our publication boasts of both French and English articles. Did I speak of boasting? Perhaps my school pride is running away with me. But I do believe "Nectar" quite fulfills its purpose.

Our yearbook, "Vox Villae," has just celebrated its third anniversary. Hence, it is still full of the gaiety, perhaps even giddiness, of youth. A goodly amount of dignity has been added, however, by the "ladies with the red pencils," who have helped us, as only devoted teachers can, to assure a long and happy life to our literary pursuits.

Reviewing American Profile

LILLIAN RATTE

"A GOODLY Fellowship" of "Angels and Earthly Creatures" started the "Project" for the "Eternal Purpose": "Sursum Corda."

But "Beyond the Horizon" of "Our Gleaming Days," exams appeared "With No Shadow of Turning." "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing" and so, defying "The Drums of Defeat," with "Laughs and Whiffs of Song" and the "Spirit" of "Daniel Boone," we resolved: "I Shall Not Be Afraid."

The "Pattern of a Day" made us feel like "Mr. Blue" and our brains became "Charred Wood." "There Shall Be No Night" meant "A Watch in the Night" till "Thirteen O'clock" with the "Silentium Altum" in solving "Riddles." "Education for Freedom" is a "Quest" so like a "Difficult Star" "To the Baffled Idealist" that he would become "The Runaway."

Finally "Sorrow Built a Bridge" with an "Extension" to "The Road to Victory" and by "The Skin of Our Teeth" we could be "Under College Towers."

"A Lady" can realize her "Dreams and Images" with "Hiker Joy" now that the "High Flight" to "Quivira" is over and 'tis "The Joyous Season."

So "These Two Hands" are raised for "Three Rousing Cheers!"

Pius X

Shall We Call Him Blessed?

JEANNE HEBERT

DURING the month of May, you and I, and Catholics the world over answered the appeal to pray for the beatification of His Holiness, Pope Pius X. "O Eternal Shepherd," we still repeat, "deign, we beseech Thee, to elevate this holy Pontiff to the honors of the Altar, if it be for Thy glory and the exaltation of Thy Holy Church."

Giuseppe Melchiorre Sarto was born at Riese. Ordained in 1858, he subsequently became chaplain, archpriest, spiritual director, rector, Vicar General, Bishop of Mantua, Cardinal, and finally, under the title of Pius X, Supreme Pontiff.

During his papal reign, he placed ardent stress upon the practice of frequent, and even daily Communion. Because of his call, imitative of Christ's invitation to the "little ones," children are allowed to make their First Holy Communion as soon as they have attained the age of reason.

His encyclicals, his appeal for peace at the outbreak of World War I, his pastoral zeal, his virtues of piety, charity, humility, and simplicity are powerful allies in favor of his longed-for beatification.

Mary's Tender Thoughts At Graduation

BEVERLY PARKS

(The following poem is from a sonnet sequence presented as a feature of the commencement program.)

WHEN I see graduation come each year,
And find the girls all donning cap and gown,
Oh, I recall another robe and crown:
The garb of One Whom I held fond and dear.
I recollect the day so calm and clear
When He went forth from home, and traveled down
To teach the world, and give a Faith renown,
And my heart felt a pang of love and fear.
So while, indeed, these graduates go on,
I hope and pray that they too will recall,
When doubts and fears may cross their troubled way,
That I am always theirs to call upon
And help them in whatever may befall,
So they may ne'er forget to Love and Pray.

Dina Belanger

The Mystic We Call Our Own

MARLENE GREGOIRE

TO all students of "Jesus-Marie," Mother St. Cecile-de-Rome is as familiar a figure as a beloved classmate. She has become for us a model, even though at times we fail to copy her A-plus saintly personality. Furthermore, if we are to judge by letters received from all parts of the world, this young mystic has been adopted by scores of others as "a favorite sister in Heaven."

Without further ado, I would like to introduce her to you. Please meet Dina Belanger, the student; Mother St. Cecile-de-Rome, the nun.

Dina attended two schools of Quebec: Notre-Dame de St. Roch, for elementary studies, and Notre-Dame de Bellevue, for advanced courses. At both, she managed to be an honor student, but this only through sustained effort and will power. "As we walked up the shady avenue leading to Bellevue Convent," she wrote, "I murmured to myself interiorly the following prayer: O my God, grant that during my stay here, I may never offend Thee by the slightest voluntary venia. sin."

After a two-year course of music, at the New York Conservatory, during which time she boarded at "Our Lady of Peace" on 14th Street, she entered the religious life in the Congregation of Jesus-Marie in Sillery, Quebec. Her autobiography, "Cantic of Love," written in humble submission to superiors, reflects her life of saintly obedience and sacrifice. In her motto, "Love . . . and suffer Jesus and Mary to have their way," she found a banking-house whence an abundance of supernatural strength could be drawn. Nor has her untimely death put an end to her zeal, for she is keeping her promise: "In Heaven, I shall be a little beggar of Love for all souls, for the greater glory of our Heavenly Father."

Dedication

WE students of Villa Augustina Academy, Goffstown, N. H., dedicate this page of Our Sunday Visitor to our teachers, who devote themselves entirely to us, that we may realize full, rich lives as children of God.

Activities

On Parade Through The Year

BARBARA MORAN

FIRST, dear friends of the North and South, of the West and even of the "far" East, who know nothing about a little village named Goffstown, let me tell you that it is located near Manchester, N. H., seven miles southwest to be exact. It has one Catholic school, our own, and of it we girls are proud.

Have you time for a bird's-eye view of our major '47-'48 activities?

In October, the A. V. A. Dramatic Club made the first big score of the year by staging "Mansions," a Queen's Work production by Therese Littell.

November was spent in preparing the annual concert in honor of St. Cecilia.

December 8th was a favorite day for Mary's Sodalis. Reception, banquet, and evening program were the main features of the feast of our Queen.

Then Noel, the joyous season. The grammar grades are credited with a splendid entertainment, while our contribution was in the form of food gifts for our helpless friends, the children of Europe.

January, did I hear? What could we have done to deserve this! Horrors! Exams, and more exams!

During Catholic Press Month, the Sophomores and the Juniors took the lead. The former staged a skit on good literature; the latter indulged in literary sports of pamphlet basketball, magazine volleyball, and good-book softball.

In the spring, outdoor basketball once more became the favored sport. March and April also proved to be contest time. One of our Juniors won first prize in the diocesan Catholic Charities poster contest. A Senior captured honors in a state-wide essay contest on highway safety.

June, with its breathtaking activities, sped on to Commencement Day. And now, to you all, we wish a merry vacation!

Religion

The Gift Of Our Education

JEANNINE ROUILLARD

AS we leave our Alma Mater, we realize how priceless a favor has been bestowed upon us: we must not let it be cast away. Has not the spirit of Religion completed and beautified our scientific "discoveries"? Has not our reading material been carefully chosen to acquaint us with the finest works produced? Have we not been made to realize, in the analysis of various problems, that the Lord is the only solution to all difficulties? Briefly, no opportunity being lost to bring praise to God's holy Name, a Christian atmosphere has pervaded our every class.

Now, armed with this valuable education, we prepare to face the unknown future. We are warned of its treachery, but the youthful energy within us creates an agitated and excited eagerness to better the world, according to the fullness of our capacity. As graduates of '48, we are at the crossroads. The next step will probably be the decisive one of our life. A determined ambition runs through us, with a will to labor courageously. We fully realize that trials and disappointments will be encountered, but we also know that an unlimited trust in God, so infinitely good, will comfort our saddest hours.

So you see, dear Friends, our school has infused into us an optimistic outlook upon the years to come. We leave with wealth in our hearts, and prayerful thanks on our lips.

Noted Author Tells Of Her Conversion

Continued from Page 4

If anyone should ask me how I knew this, I could not explain. But after all, there are some experiences that defy explanation. I cannot explain, for instance, why there are some places where I always feel instinctively at home, where I am happy and exalted and at peace, and others which I admire and enjoy, but which I am not sorry to leave, to which I do not pine to return, and which leaves me mentally unstimulated and emotionally unstirred. Spain and China have "said something" to me—as the French express it—that no other countries except my own have ever done. The Connecticut Valley and the Valley of Virginia both seem to me to have their own special meaning, which is lacking in all other valleys, clearly as I recognize the beauty of the latter. Alexandria, Natchez, Charleston, New Orleans and Boston—each has its special fascination which I do not find elsewhere. There is a white-paneled parlor in a Vermont village and one sheathed in seasoned oak on a Virginia plantation that for me are unlike all other parlors in the world.

I do not believe I am alone in this feeling. I remember meeting in Peking a highly intellectual woman who told me she had arrived there for the first time late at night, in a pouring rain, and uncertain even as to what hotel she should seek out since she had not been able to inform herself thoroughly beforehand and had no friends in the city. Yet almost immediately she turned to her son, as their rickshaws bore them forward through the darkness, with the explanation, "John, this is where we are going to live!" That was thirty years ago, and she has never willingly left Peking since. It does not seem strange to me that if we should know when we have reached home in a city, we should also know when we have reached home in a church.

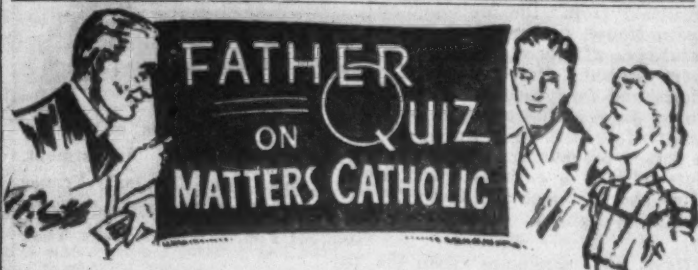
What is true of a place is also true of a presence. No woman of average intelligence needs to be told when she has fallen in love. She cannot explain why there is one man, out of all those whom she meets, in whose proximity she finds joy and ease, whose look suffuses her with tenderness and whose touch she welcomes. It is natural that she should merge her life in this man's; it is right, it represents her supreme temporal fulfillment. She does not merely think so. She knows it. I believe that what I have said about love, I may also say, in all reverence, about religion. When a human being finds complete spiritual fulfillment, this becomes not a matter of conjecture, or of opinion, but

of knowledge. At least it has been so in my case.

Let me give still another sort of illustration: When I was expecting my first child, I asked my doctor, timorously, how I would know when travail began; I had heard a great deal about "false pains." The wise physician smiled. "Of course you have," he said kindly. "So does every young

mother. It is the sort of recital in which old gossips delight. Don't worry. If you have false pains—and my patients sometimes do—you will think your baby is about to be born, and you may send for me, if you like. But it won't be necessary. When your travail really begins, you won't think it has. You'll know it!"

Continued next week



A friend of mine believes that the foremost aspersion on the Catholic Church was the execution of Joan of Arc. I would thank you for explaining the Catholic position.

The Catholic Church was in no way responsible for the execution of Joan of Arc. The Pope at that time was Eugenius IV, who knew nothing of the trial and condemnation of St. Joan of Arc until after it happened. A month before her death he wrote to his legate in France asking him to bring about peace between the Kings of France and England (Raynald, Annales Eccles., 1431).

Joan of Arc did appeal to the Pope during her trial, but her unjust judges, under English influence, and on the English payroll, denied her appeal because they knew that the Pope would not recognize the validity of their mock trial.

Joan was captured by a vassal of John of Luxembourg, who sold her to the English for about \$100,000.00 (550,000 francs). It was the English Regent, the Duke of Bedford, acting for his ten year old nephew, Henry VI, who ordered Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, to try Joan for heresy and witchcraft, declaring that even if she were acquitted it was his intention to take back and regain possession of the said Joan.

The English antipathy towards Joan was motivated by the fact that the English had been defeated in battle. They could not put her to death according to international law on that score. Hence they either had to hold her for ransom or keep her a prisoner. But because they wanted her executed they had her condemned by an Ecclesiastical Tribunal, all members of which were high paid political partisans.

That the English government was bent on this is clear from the fact that all the judges received letters of indemnity from the King of England on June 12, 1431! It is also clear from the fact that nineteen years later Charles VII, who had deserted Joan in her hour of trial, suffered remorse of conscience and signed a warrant ordering a trial of rehabilitation.

This was on February 14, 1450.

On November 5, 1455, Pope Cal-

ixtus III approved of revision proceedings in Paris, which resulted in the declaration that the sentence imposed on Joan was null and void on every count. In these proceedings it was found that the presiding judge was her mortal enemy and, therefore, should not have been allowed to preside; that all evidence favorable to Joan was purposely suppressed; that she was refused an advocate; that her examinations were utterly unfair and tricky; that her appeal to the Pope was not allowed; that her judges falsely stated that she was unwilling to submit to the Church; that a pretended adjuration was substituted for the one she actually signed. The annulment of St. Joan's unjust sentence was declared solemnly at Rouen, July 7, 1456. Three recent Popes, who encouraged her canonization, also denounced the unjust trial of Joan of Arc.

How does the Legion of Decency classify the moving picture "Mom and Dad"?

This film is condemned by the Legion of Decency, or placed in class C. The reason given by the Legion of Decency is as follows: "This film deals with a subject most objectionable for presentation in entertainment motion picture theaters. Moreover, the treatment of the subject as presented in the film is most objectionable for entertainment motion picture audiences. It ignores completely essential supernatural values associated with questions of this nature."

Religion: The First Freedom

Continued from Page 1

religion to the curriculum. Right now there is considerable discussion and agitation concerning the matter of tax-supported benefits for children in church schools—whether Catholic, Lutheran, or whatever: such things as free bus transportation, free school-books, time off in public schools for religious instruction, funds for veterans studying in church schools, and so on.

Separation Of Church And State

As Father Parsons puts it, this is the problem:

"What may the state, and in particular the Federal Government, do under the Constitution with regard to such a [parochial] school? ... Is there an American principle of separation of church and state, somehow connected with the Constitution, which operates to prohibit such grants? ...

"If there is no such constitutional prohibition, and if no principle operates in such a way, then a second question arises: If the state may grant its benefits to such a school, what is the nature and extent of any duty it may have toward it? Does the fact that the parochial school fulfills its duty to the state under the compulsory education laws create a reciprocal duty on the part of the state to that school? Is there, or is there not, an obligation of the community as a whole on those millions of parents who, because of religious principle, consider that their obligations to both church and state are fulfilled by sending their children to parochial schools? Does the state's duty toward these of its children end at seeing that they receive an approved education in secular subjects?"

We think not, and it's a point

worth arguing. It is, in fact, a debate in which we American Catholics have a \$400-million stake.

What Does This Principle Mean?

The one big obstacle opposing both those who would somehow inject religious teaching into the public-school system, and those who would give church schools a hand with public funds, is the principle known as "separation of church and state," interpreted as meaning that there should be an absolute wall between the civil government and religious activities of any sort.

This interpretation is passed along as something imbedded in the minds of Jefferson and Madison and expressed in our national Constitution. Actually, it was not in their minds and no such words or sentiment are found in the Constitution. It might be termed a superstition that, by dint of endless ding-donging and repetition, has gradually gained acceptance and, right now, in its wildest and most extreme form, such that we are almost in danger of having atheism adopted, canonized, and favored over religion as a sort of state-church!

What the Constitution really forbids is the favoring of one church over another. It wants no state-church. In Spain, for instance ours is the state-church; in Sweden, it's the Lutheran Church; in England, the Episcopal Church; in Scotland, the Presbyterian. Those churches are favored before the law in those countries, and all other churches have three strikes

against them, after a manner of speaking.

Well, the Founding Fathers had had experience of that and they wanted none of it for their United States. There would be no state-church over here. All churches would be on an equal footing. If "separation of church and state" has any legitimate meaning, it is in that sense alone: separation excluding union of church and state, but not excluding co-operation between church and state.

Father Parsons' 'The First Freedom'

We intend to go into this matter at greater length in subsequent articles, using as our source book *The First Freedom*, by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., recently published by the Declan X. McMullen Co. of New York. It's only a little book, 178 pages, but it is very closely reasoned and it examines the whole problem thoroughly. We recommend it warmly to our readers, especially to those with a professional education: priests, judges, lawyers, physicians, professors, and school teachers. It isn't easy reading, but it's richly rewarding. It can be had at \$2.25 at any bookstore or it may be ordered from Our Sunday Visitor's Book Department at Huntington, Indiana.

The trouble with this section of the country is that it's too cold to do the Spring house cleaning at the proper time—and then it's too hot.

Stockton, Kan., Record.



Give Them Some Fun along with the bread and butter!

YOU ARE a swell fellow today—the best man in the whole world. You are kind and generous. You are cheerful and gay. You make life very much worth while for your loved ones.

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You Will Welcome This Opportunity

By Thos. R. Heaney, High Chief Ranger
 Catholic Order of Foresters

WHEN YOU learn of our active belief in Catholic and fraternal ideals and principles, and are acquainted with our stability and progress, we believe you will welcome the opportunity of membership and insurance in the Catholic Order of Foresters.

Measured from any angle, our Order is truly marching forward. During the past year, there has been an increase in membership, an increase in insurance in force, an increase in assets, an increase in income, a savings in mortality, and continued favorable dividend distribution—a laudable achievement in the history and record of our exclusively Catholic organization.

It is a far step from the days of those forty-two far-seeing Catholic men who pioneered in creating a society to aid Catholic men and their families—a step over a period of sixty-five years, during which over \$94,000,000.00 have been paid by the Order to the families of deceased members, and to members for disability and old age benefits—a step from assets of \$42.00 to over \$48,000,000.00 today. Founded under the guidance of Mother Church, the Order has progressed and today is praised by the Catholic hierarchy for its service to Catholic families, to charities, to religious organizations.

More than 160,000 Catholic men now enjoy the privileges and benefits of membership and insurance in the Order. Through it, they have guaranteed definite financial help for their loved ones— as little as \$1,000, as much as \$25,000.

We extend you the invitation to join with our present-day leaders and workers in helping to perfect an ideal organization for Catholic men and boys of this and future generations. We extend you the invitation to share in the advantages and benefits that can be yours. Your letter of inquiry will be promptly answered without obligation on your part.

SPORTSCASTING

Jim Costin

The All Star Game

THE fifteenth renewal of the annual All-Star game between the best baseball players in the American and National Leagues will take place in St. Louis Tuesday of this week, with the Americans having a decided 10-4 edge to date. The game is the brain child of Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago Tribune who, in his student days, was the late Knute Rockne's first publicity man. Arch thought up the All-Star baseball idea as a promotional stunt for his paper in connection with the world's fair, or Century of Progress, as it was called, which exhibited on Chicago's lake front in 1933-34.

He got the league officials to agree to such a game, then had the fans of the country select the personnel of the two teams, the understanding being that the players who received the highest number of votes for each position on each squad had to start. How long they played after that was up to their managers. The managers for that first game, by the way, were two of baseball's immortals—Connie Mack and the late John McGraw. Babe Ruth was in the American Leaguers' lineup in that first game, played in Comiskey Park, home of the Chicago White Sox, on July 6, 1933, and contributed a home run as part of his share in his club's 4-2 victory.

The game proved an instant success and caught the attention of baseball fans all over the country. After two or three years of allowing the fans to act as "manager" and select each team's starting lineup, baseball's top brass decided to take the game over and choose each squad itself, excluding the guy who pays the freight. That went on for about 10 years, but last year the two major leagues decided to give the game back to the fans again, and so now the squads are selected by popular vote conducted by the Chicago Tribune with the help of 452 newspapers and radio stations throughout the country.

Voting ended last Monday, with the fans having chosen all the game's best men to take part in Tuesday's contest at St. Louis. Two-thirds of today's "dream outfield" will be performing for the American Leaguers, while the other one-third will be in the National League lineup. I refer, of course, to Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio, who will start for the Americans, and to Stan Musial, who will be in left field for the Nationals.

As this is written both Williams and Musial are hitting over .400, and have been at or near that figure all year. DiMaggio's average isn't as high as it has been in the past, but he has been socking home runs at his old pace, batting in runs and scoring runs with almost the same gusto as when he was hitting around .375 or so.

Williams is one big star who has more than lived up to his reputation in these All-Star games. Few fans, particularly those who were there to see it, will ever forget the Horatio Alger finish he wrote to the game in Detroit in 1941. Williams came to bat in the last of the ninth with runners on first and third, two out, and his team trailing the Nationals by 5-4. Claude Passeau, then of the Cubs, was pitching for the Nationals. He served one up that was to be the "Splinter's" liking and Ted promptly drove it into the upper deck of the right field stands in Briggs Stadium for a three-run homer that gave the Americans a last-ditch 7-5 victory. Earlier in the game Arkie Vaughn, Brooklyn star, had driven out two home runs to give the Nationals what looked like a safe margin, but Williams finally caught up with the fireworks in the ninth and made the fans completely forget Vaughn's earlier heroics.

Williams outdid even his own feats when next he appeared in an All-Star game. That was in 1946 in his own Red Sox park. There was no game in 1945, while Williams was in the naval air force before that. In that game of two years ago Ted came through with two singles and two home runs as the Nationals suffered a thorough and complete humiliation in a 12-0 defeat. Ted also drew a walk, besides scoring four runs and batting in five. It was the greatest display of individual brilliance the series has ever seen, or is ever likely to see, unless Williams himself can top his own efforts.

Another one of Arch Ward's brain children will be on display next month when the annual College All-Star football game is played by the nation's best collegians against the champion of the National Football League; this time, the Chicago Cardinals. This game is scheduled for Soldier Field, Chicago, on the night of Aug. 30. But more about that in a later issue. This game was originated by Ward in 1934 and has become such a tremendous annual summer-time fixture that probably 150,000 would see it every August if that number could be accommodated.

Greatest Hitters

The next time you hear some veteran baseball fan sigh for the good old days of such hitters as Ty Cobb, Joe Jackson, Tris Speaker, Honus Wagner, Roger Hornsby, etc., ask him what's wrong with Ted Williams and Stan Musial? Now, I don't think even the most biased fan will argue that Cobb wasn't the greatest hitter of all time. He concluded 23 years of play in the American League with a life-time batting average of .367, which is such an incredible figure that it would be difficult to believe were it not for the fact that it was compiled during the lifetime of countless thousands of present day fans. Cobb is the best period. Jackson, Speaker, and the rest were tremendous, too. No doubt about it.

But why do so many of us go back down memory's lane for 20-30-40 years for the game's greatest hitters when we have two of them with us right now, very much alive and playing every day. When Williams hit .401 in 1941, he was the first major leaguer to go over .400 since Bill Terry had done it in 1930. Ted was the first American Leaguer to turn the trick since 1923, when Harry Heilmann, then of the Tigers and now a well known baseball broadcaster of the Tigers' home games, reached .403.

As this was written, Williams was prepared to go into the All-Star game with an average of .417, besides leading the league in runs scored, runs batted in, most hits, most doubles and most bases on balls. Ken Keltner and Joe DiMaggio had more home runs than Ted, but he was closing fast and was only two or three behind them in that department, too. There isn't any way you can check on it at this date, but I wonder if Ty Cobb ever so completely dominated the league in so many departments as Williams does today, and has been doing practically ever since he first came up.

Look what Williams did last year, and also look at what the boys did to Williams when it came time to vote for the American League's most valuable player. Ted led the league in batting with a mark of .343, he led in runs scored with 125, he led in runs batted in with 114, he led in home runs with 42, he led in bases on balls with 162 and he led in total bases with 335. Yet Joe DiMaggio, who trailed Williams in every hitting department and who finished the season with an average of .315, was voted the league's "most valuable" player. Silly, wasn't it? One of the answers is simply that Williams is not very popular personally with other players, including his own teammates, or with the writers who do the voting. On the other hand, DiMaggio is a "Good Joe" who is well liked by everybody and so, despite the fact that he couldn't match any of Williams' remarkable achievements as a hitter, he was voted a "more valuable" player for the year than Ted. Of course, Joe had the added advantage of playing on a championship team, whereas the Red Sox were the flop of the year in '47 after having won the flag in 1946. Maybe the writers blamed Williams for his team's failure, yet Ted turned enough

hitting tricks all alone to have won a pennant for almost any other team in the league.

Musial, a former National League batting champion, was bothered by an ailing appendix throughout the entire season, and wound up with an average of .312, which is practically peanuts for him. He underwent an appendectomy during the winter and as this is written is practically matching strides with the phenomenal Williams.

He has been hitting over .400, and was leading the National League in batting, runs scored, most hits, most doubles, most triples, third in home runs and second in runs batted in. The Donora, Pa., Catholic boy is certainly an all-time all-timer in any baseball book, and he and Williams constitute an active pair in the game today that will compare favorably with any other two the game has ever produced.

Gospel Story

Continued from page 5

of the Cross and asking God's blessing he was squandering that whole mighty structure! True, he left no physical mark on the brick as he passed, but somewhere in heaven spiritual brick crumbled and fell wasted, squandered by John Doe.

John Doe sat down at his desk and a few of the other white collar workers gathered around for a little chit-chat before the day's work began in earnest. A question came up about a certain Catholic doctrine, but John Doe kept his mouth shut because he was not sure enough himself to speak. The fact that he was not sure showed that he had squandered the knowledge God intrusted to His Church. Wasted knowledge falling not on an empty pew but on an empty head! John Doe had been present physically but his mind had been elsewhere.

No need to finish the account of John Doe's day. You get the point. And it is not just John Doe. How about the way we squander God's Grace when we leave the church without taking at least 15 minutes for devotion to Our Lord Whom we have just received in Holy Communion? Do we not sometimes waste His Grace gossiping in front of the church without thought of Him? The priest speaks to no one along the way when he takes the Blessed Sacrament to a sick room. We, too, are carrying Our Lord. Should we not act with equal dignity?

Let us cease to squander Our Lord's wealth, for one day we, too, will be called to make an accounting of our stewardship!

Father Conroy Talking

Continued from page 5

didn't have the priest when she died. I just can't help but think that God didn't keep that promise and that if she had the priest when she died it would have made it pretty certain that she was saved.

"I do a lot of thinking about this. I was in the middle of nine First Fridays that I was making but I gave them up when that happened. And now I feel like giving up a lot of other things too. It just don't seem right that this happened." Signed, "Bill."

Well, first of all, Bill, (we'll make this an open answer because there are a lot of others who are under the same false impression of the Nine Fridays) you should be very consoled that your darling sister was making the First Fridays so very faithfully. Her chances for salvation are now far greater than they would otherwise have been. This stands to reason. If she was making the First Fridays, then we must say that she went frequently to the Sacraments and that is a good recommendation for any soul as it stands before the judgment seat of God.

Again, (and this is where trouble is usually to be found) you must not get the idea that you will actually be saved just for making this, or any other devotion. If you will look back in your catechism you will find there some questions and answers on "Presumption." Well, that is what you are up against now. Presumption is taking for granted that you cannot be lost, that you will be saved. Our Lord never wants us to do that and nowhere in the promises to those making the Nine First Fridays is there any statement that once a person has made them, he will be saved. There is this idea running through those promises, though, namely, that if this devotion is carried out our Lord will grant special graces which will greatly increase chances for final perseverance and salvation. And that is ample reason for making the Nine First Fridays over and

over. Neither has Our Lord said that a priest would be there to attend a person in his last moments. This too, is a false impression.

In general, Bill, you should renew your Act of Faith. God's ways are not our ways—for which we can be grateful. In your sister's untimely death there was undoubtedly a blessing in disguise. Because of her great devotion to the Sacred Heart you can expect that God had a good reason for allowing what he did. Who knows but that if she had lived even a minute longer she might have lost her immortal soul. And you wouldn't want that either.

A final word or so on these various devotions: The church does not intend that we consider any of them sufficient to make certain the saving of our souls. They will help and they should be practiced with that in mind. However, we ought to make certain that we do not neglect any of the ordinary means which everybody must use. There is no short cut to sanctity and to salvation. Heaven is only achieved the hard way. As Sacred Scripture says, "only the violent shall take it."

Make your Nine Fridays, of course. But keep in line the other things too. Attend Mass with devotion. Say your daily prayers—and well. Receive Holy Communion on Sundays and other days, as well as on the First Fridays. Be charitable to others. Be aware of the value of doing penance. Add to all of this the Nine First Fridays and perhaps other devotions recommended by Holy Mother Church—and then you'll have something!

Dad's Birthday Gift

Continued from page 5

either too fast or too slow, never steady and right. You measure things by time's rate of speed until the measuring stick blows up in your face and blinds you to the fullness of the moment itself.

That was a full moment. I'd yearned and planned for it. And now I was too panicky to absorb the fullness. In a matter of seconds I'd have to go back to my ship. That realization paralyzed me.

But I did manage to ask you how you were getting on with your new schoolmaster. I guess my voice sounded gruff and demanding because you quickly reminded me that you were still second highest in your class.

Then you said, "History from books seems dull, father"—so solemn for a little shaver. Right then the window glass rattled faintly, as though to underline your words. The AA batteries were warming up for our nightly visitors.

The rattle died and you told me you were afraid you'd make a pig of yourself, and was it right to eat so well when so many little chaps in England weren't as fortunate? I didn't have an answer. Certainly, I wanted to provide for all our pinch-faced children . . . but what could I do?

Your tenth birthday. No, we didn't have much time to begin with. And the time ran out so fast! Again I stared at the clock and my heart thumped and my hands clenched into fists in my pocket. I wanted to begin some reassuring farewell but I couldn't make sense with the words. Suddenly I thought it would have been better to have remained on the ship.

And then you said, "Thanks, father, for my birthday belt. I'm proud of it because you braided it yourself at sea." The seconds were draining away and you kept talking . . . "Aunt Mary gave me a big brass watch. It has a fine loud tick. Here, father, listen."

I listened. Your brass watch was ticking sharply, ticking off those last precious seconds.

Then it was all over. We had to break it off. The announcer

pushed me away from the microphone and spoke into it. He said the broadcast was concluded, that next week more parents would have radio visits with their war refugee children in America.

I left the studio to go to my ship. The last thing I saw was a sound engineer. He was stopping the clock intently and the announcer watched him. The engineer had his hand lifted, ready to chop it down at the exact second the new program should come in.

To me, seconds were dragging again . . .

Well, son, thanks for hearing me out. It's good to be with you on your eighteenth birthday—and for always.

Now, go ahead. Open your present. That's it.

How do you like it? Yes, it's a man's gold watch. A finely balanced watch, too—steady-running, like our life together now.

Listen. Hear it? That steady, peaceful tick?

And notice, please, the—Oh, as you've already noticed. Yes, I can see it in your eyes. Thanks, son, for understanding why your watch doesn't have a second hand.

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The Scapular

The Sign Of A Mother

FR. CASIMIR E. ZIELINSKI, O. CARM

OUR Lady's visitations to her children "in this valley of tears" have always been consoling and most encouraging. At Lourdes and more recently at Fatima, the Queen of Heaven was seen by mortal eyes of man—and each time she left a supernatural trail of favors as souvenirs of her visit. Like a dear friend or relative she always brings some gift.

Curiously enough, both at Cova da Iria and at the Massabieille, Mary chose to appear on earth dressed in the habit of Carmel in one of the several visions.

Two former visits of Our Lady also had direct reference to the Carmelite habit. Again Our Lady came bearing gifts. She appeared to a Carmelite monk on July 16, 1251, and to Pope John XXII in 1322 in the interest of the Brown Scapular. St. Simon, crushed under the burden of opposition, stormed heaven—more specifically—Mary's throne, with his cry for help from

above. His prayer was not only to draw the Blessed Virgin to his cell but also to affect the lives of countless souls. The prayer of the Saint was a simple petition and has been faithfully recorded.

Carmel's fair flower,
Rose blossom-laden!
Splendor of Heaven,
Meek Mother-maiden,
None equals Thee!

Mother and Virgin,
Grant us a sign,
Thy Carmelite Brethren
Mark us for thine,
Star of the Sea!

What was Mary's gift that was to be so potent a factor in influencing the lives of so many souls? St. Simon left us a pithy account in the following words:

She appeared to me with a large company, holding the Scapular of the Order and saying, 'This shall be a privilege for thee and the children of Carmel: he who shall die when wearing it shall not suffer everlasting fire.'

Since that day Our Lady must have harvested legions of souls who accepted her gift, the Brown Scapular, and wore it faithfully. But as this sign of her affection for her children were not sufficiently indicative of her love for her children on earth, Mary passed through the portals of heaven once more in order to embellish her gift of the Scapular. This time she appeared to the Holy Father, Pope John XXII in 1322, with magnificent news. She informed the Holy Father that she would descend into Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death to free those who had complied with certain conditions. These were, first, that we wear the Brown Scapular; second, that we observe chastity according to our state of life; and third, that we daily recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. For working this three-point plan out in our daily lives, Mary would personally escort us from the flames of Purgatory to our eternal home. This is indeed a privilege and, incidentally, because it would be carried out by the Blessed Mother on Saturday (Sabbatum, in Latin) it has been called the Sabbatine Privilege.

Can we readily live up to Our Lady's requests and be fortunate enough to win heaven in this way? This question is answered before we even ask it. First we must remember that every privilege is a two-sided affair: it entails "give and take." There is no need to demonstrate what side of this bargain is weightier—we take heaven for giving comparatively little. That is how Our Lady works since she is the Treasurer of heaven's inexhaustible store of riches. She would have us perform the little things that show a good will.

Now most of us have been enrolled into the Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at our First Communion. What if we have neglected wearing it since then? Are we to be re-enrolled? No, we need only to secure another Brown Scapular and begin wearing it immediately. That takes care of the first condition.

What does the second condition entail? To observe chastity according to our state of life, means for most of us simply to keep the Sixth and Ninth Commandments. There is no additional obligation entrusted to us because we must, in any case, observe chastity according to our state of life in accordance with God's Law. But in this instance we do so for an additional motive.

The third condition, that of reciting Our Lady's Office, seems in our day, too difficult and some erroneously consider it a stumbling-block. Where it is impossible or highly inconvenient we are obliged to keep the fasts of the Church and to abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays instead of reciting Our Lady's Office. If this alternative cannot be observed, a substitute can easily be obtained from one's confessor. This substitute can be any type of good work, that is, some act of charity to our

neighbor or a shorter form of prayer.

We begin to see more clearly the real meaning of this privilege when we consider how we are going to feel in purgatory. Some theologians do not hesitate to state that the flames of purgatory are as intense as those in hell itself. Unlike hell, it is true, there are no devils in purgatory, but the soul in purgatory does not see God—which vision of God constitutes the greatest happiness of heaven. Thus, bodily suffering which words cannot describe, and deprivation of God are the punishments of purgatory.

It would be superstitious to think that the Scapular of itself, (as a piece of brown cloth) can save our souls, just as it would be foolish for someone to accuse you of honoring a piece of pasteboard by keeping it on your piano. That person would be overlooking the fact that it is your mother's picture you so honor and not the pasteboard. Similarly, we honor Mary by wearing her livery—we do not wear this livery as a mere charm or goodluck-piece. We see beyond the pieces of cloth and strings, and we keep the Scapular as a reminder of our tie with heaven's mighty Queen until the eternal day dawns when we shall no longer stand in need of any reminder, but shall enjoy her presence in the mansion she and her Son have prepared for us in eternal glory.

Will 82% Of 'Harvest' Be Let 'Perish'?

Continued from page 1

consecrated periods of pulpitory. You know the language he understands. It's the language you ordinarily use yourselves—good old "sidewalk American."

Beware of seeking too low a common denominator in your effort to speak the language of the man-in-the-street never vulgarize the sublime doctrines you preach. It is so easy for the lay apostle to let his enthusiasm vitiate his good taste. You must constantly remind yourselves of the dignity of your message.

Which brings me to a sore point. I have received letters and comments from Catholics and Protestants alike on the alarming violations of good taste in the field of Catholic publicity all along the line. A Catholic's instincts suffer a jolt when he picks up a professionally Catholic newspaper and sees a page advertising devotion to some saint which looks for all the world like a blurb for the 1949 Ford and which, almost invariably, contains a plea for funds which is so brazenly tied in with the assurance of heavenly help that it barely avoids the unpleasant odor of simony. It's a common disease. I tell you, and a wretched one. Who of us is not familiar, for example, with bad taste in what passes sometimes for ecclesiastical art, the titian-haired and effeminate Christs, the Hollywood Madonnas? How often do we sympathize with the irate canon in Shadow and Substance who fumed: "I refuse to allow barbarians to impose on me their vulgar conceptions of Christ and His Saints!" The same lese majeste creeps into our church music and infects our book-stands.

'Huckster Homiletics' Must Be Avoided

You must always remember that you are preaching the imperishable faith of the Incarnate Son of God, not selling soap. Huckster homiletics must be avoided! The same ballyhoo employed by a purveyor of soap-flakes or breakfast-food must never become the vocabulary of the lay apostle. Here is an example of what I mean: I was recently informed that an over-zealous lay apostle was preaching on the courthouse lawn of a small rural community and was explaining to his audience the advantages to be gained by frequent Holy Communion. In a transport of fervor this particular zealot climaxed his remarks with this egregious exhortation: "Folks," he cried, "Folks, the more you receive Holy Communion, the greater desire you'll have to receive it more often; why, folks, it's like 'Cracker Jacks'—the more you eat, the more you want!" The Holy Eucharist, the Blessed Sacrament, the treasured mysterium fidei of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, Panis Angelicus—"Cracker Jacks"!

That's what I meant when I said that huckster homiletics must be avoided. Catholics are shocked, intelligent Protestants are amused, and the rest are bound to form distorted conceptions of the great truths of Christianity.

It is not only your diction that is threatened with this infection of bad religious taste. It is any other avenue you might choose in contacting your neighbors in your apostolate. You must be cautious, too, in the tone of your advertising, avoiding assiduously the jargon of billboards and Pepsi-Cola jingles, for people are growing to distrust such ballyhoo. For years now, many modern advertisers have been going on the fraudulent assumption that they must make people want that which they frequently don't need. As a result their parasitical promises are oftentimes suspect. The pitch-man at the country-fair who convinces the gullible farm-wife that she can't do without his clever little carrot grater, knows full well that she'll probably discard it with a sign of disillusionment within a month. The horde of dime-store Cinderellas who pour their money into the tills of skin-lotion manufacturers on the presumption that they, too, can look like Loretta Young in ten days, and the hairless ranks of bald-headed hopefuls who purchase every possible gadget which claims to restore their vanished glory, make up the rank and file of the people to whom you will try to bring your glorious message of Christian Hope adorned with the eternal promises of Jesus Christ. There must be, in your approach through advertising, the ring of an undeniable dignity and grateful reserve which will indicate to the skeptic that this isn't just another exaggerated come-on. Flamboyant religious slogans have the same phony ring to the American ear as the over-worked ballyhoo for a carnival side-show.

Intelligent people are suspicious of such come-ons. They've been duped too consistently by similar slogans in the hands of unscrupulous commercial advertisers who strive desperately to pump-prime the demand to take care of an oversupply. Always remember, therefore that there should be a Christian fitness about the slogans with which you advertise your street-preaching, a dignity which will appeal to the soda-jerk as well as to the judge. Once you have let down the bars of good taste and "pitch" Christianity in the spiel of a tent-show Barker, you have lost most of your effectiveness.

I have heard it said that if a single Catholic, aided by God's grace, were to make but one convert; and if this convert in turn were to bring one other to the Faith, and so on, the United States of America would be completely Catholic in less than thirty years. We ask ourselves: why isn't this being done? The answer is simple: It is, for the most part because somewhere in this promising chain of conversions there is a weak link, and that link is the Catholic who fails to live the interior life and hence can make no missionary impression on others.—Address given at the national convention of the Catholic Evidence Guild, Indianapolis, Ind., June 27.

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Your Strength Will Be As The Strength Of Ten

A Young Woman's Counsel For Youth

A YOUNG woman from a section that was once a prairie land and which has now become a great, thickly populated state, writes a letter wherein she counsels the young people, both sexes, on how to live in their youth that their "strength may become as the strength of ten." She is both eloquent and practical in her directives. I quote her words:

Dear Miss McGill:

I would like to see this letter considered carefully by your men readers. It should prove enlightening to some girls as well.

Why, I ask, do men of presumably good character (that is, too many of them) who carry on a rather lengthy "white" courtship with the girls whom they have picked to be their wives, feel privileged to go out nights with one, two or three other girls "steady"? These girls they treat as a plaything for their own enjoyment and pleasure, forgetting all responsibility for these girls' virtue or their own chastity.

Yet, these same men want their own girls whom they plan to marry to be virtuous women. Are not those other girls whom they date for off occasions to be some other men's wives in the future? And those men too, will wish their wives to be virtuous, won't they?

Also, would these playboys want their sisters to be treated as they treat girls they have no wish to marry?

And is chastity for women only? Or, are men also bound by the same law? Being a Christian means to be "Christlike."

Do flirtatious men, seeking their pleasures, realize that certain liberties, particularly excesses, harm both parties physically and mentally in later years, if not immediately? Do they know that abuse is paid for very dearly? If parents and, in some cases even the father confessor, have not told them the plain facts, an honest medical advisor would, if consulted.

Miss McGill, I want this letter to be thought-provoking and purposeful, as well as helpful to individuals. I would say to the men: Think it over brothers! and to the girls, do not give of yourselves in petting, or otherwise.

Teenage boys and men, master yourselves now, the earlier the better. Self-control is the greatest character-builder on earth. With the grace of God, keep yourself your own master. Once you develop confidence, self-assurance and faith in your own ability to control self, you can feel as great as the kings in the eyes of God and your fellowmen.

This self-conquest is a lifelong task, but one made easier by the frequency of self-denial, by which you become tempered as steel. "Remember my strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure!" Keep your heart and mind pure in thought, and let your words and deeds be clean. Be great. Be strong. Be humble. Then you will have achieved true success. Then you will be a Christian!

Should girls you meet by chance, or otherwise, prove weak, and some are, you men should be strong for them. Remember these girls hope to marry, to be the mothers of little children, and they are now loved by parents who want them to be good. Men, will you respect these girls, remembering your mother was once a young girl!

All young people—girls and boys—should remember it is not too hard to keep pure if they will quickly recall two short prayers in time of temptation, and say them from the heart. These prayers are:

St. Joseph, help me in my earthly strife over to lead a pure and blameless life.

Oh, Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.

In addition, be active in sports, take walks, enjoy refreshing showers, tempered or cold according to your physical health, and keep busy, and you will win.

Success to you.

A Child of Mary.

Girls and boys, this lover of the Blessed Mother and of St. Joseph did forget to urge you to weekly confession and to either daily or weekly reception of Holy Communion. I said I would add nothing to her letter, but it seemed important that the importance of the Sacraments should be mentioned. You'll be good, won't you, all through the summer?

The Family Reading Club

NOT every month, but occasionally as I feel the circumstance warrants, do I turn from the review section of my page to place comments on books of general and impelling interest in my editorial columns. This I am moved to do this issue, because of the soul building, the mentally stimulating, the body sustaining, the cultural impetus, and the entertaining quality of the books currently offered by The Family Reading Club of Mineola, N. Y.

Considering first the book that will build spiritually, I call to your attention a new biography of St. Francis "Richest of the Poor: The Life of St. Francis of Assisi," by Theodore Maynard.

Mr. Maynard has rounded qualifications for writing a satisfactory life of the many faceted Francis, who was gay in his youth, but singularly innocent, and who turned from worldly joys to the joys of the spirit that lifted him to such close union with Christ he became the most Christlike of men. This man was Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order, which Order now encircles the world with its members.

An accurate historian and factual biographer, Mr. Maynard tells the story of the "Richest of the Poor" with a charm that will enamor his readers with the beauty that rested in the soul of Francis. At the same time, the life of the Saint moves so gently and appealingly, as the 255 pages rhythmically turn, it would be easy to conclude a novel was unfolding. Which proves that the true facts of a great life make the most interesting story of all, especially when revealed by an artist.

Funk & Wagnall's "New College Standard Dictionary" appears in the Family Reading Club's offer also. This is an aid to knowledge, to correct spelling, to increase of vocabulary, and to general culture that every member of the family will want and which all can put to daily use. I command unreservedly this stepping stone to correct diction.

"Complete Stories of the Great Operas" by Milton Cross is a book not alone for the music-lover and the musician, but for everyone who would know at least a little of the story of the beautiful operas that have brought joy to millions throughout the world. In recent years, many of these operas are

broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, every Saturday afternoon during the opera season. How splendid for adults and for youth to have the whole story of the opera in their mind before listening to an opera in person or hearing it on the radio! This is a cultural work all of us should thank Mr. Cross for giving to America.

Have you perchance seen the "Woman's Home Companion Cook Book"? If not, you housewives, daughters, brides, and prospective homemakers, have missed an important stimulation to the learning of good cookery. This Cook Book gives recipes old and new; it tells just how to make each effort count and result in a finished product that will delight husband, son, or father, and of course the women too, for these latter also must eat and relish that which is offered. This Cook Book is gorgeously illustrated, the designs make the mouth water, the eyes fill with hunger, and the stomach yearns! And it can be yours for a very small expenditure, if you want it. Women, feed your menfolks well and you will find you have happier homes. The tried recipes in the "Woman's Home Companion Cook Book" will teach you the art.

For guaranteed entertainment the Family Reading Club suggests "Pilgrim's Inn" by Elizabeth Goudge, author of that popular novel "Green Dolphin Street," which later took movie fans by storm when it was made into a charming picture. "Pilgrim's Inn" is even more fascinating. Therein you will meet diversified characters, you will go to a seaside inn for the happy solution of disturbed lives that find peace in that tranquil environment. In summer, at least, one wants the story to end right. "Pilgrim's Inn" does just that, but not too easily. It makes good reading.

Then there is Frances Parkinson Keyes' most engrossing story—"Came A Cavalier," which will keep you entertained for hours on end, with the difficult conquering of the lovely heroine's reluctance to wed, though in love, and you will rejoice with the French nobleman who wins and marries this high-minded American girl. Mrs. Keyes is noted for introducing many interesting people in her pages, for giving incidents historical, for entering vivid descriptions, and for rounding out a great big story in a way that pleases her many thousand readers. The reason for the success of Mrs. Keyes and of Miss Goudge may be explained briefly: Both write well, they touch the heart, and they please the mind. All this adds up to reader-refreshment!

The five books I have here brought to your attention would cost you about \$20 if purchased from publishers. But look them over, decide what interests you most, then turn to the back page of this issue and see the astonishing offer the Family Reading Club, Mineola, New York, makes. My space is used up, so I can't give details. But you will be amazed to find what can be had for a free gift, and how small is the cost of wonderful books when obtained through membership in the Club.

Editor's Note: We concur with the views by Miss McGill on the books now offered by the Family Reading Club. We have, however, been disappointed in a few of the selections made during recent months by this club. As a result we had instructed our advertising department not to accept further advertising from it. We are now informed that a sincere effort is being made to select only the highest type of books, and with that assurance and because we feel the need for a wide distribution of wholesome literature, we agreed to the publication of the advertisement to which Miss McGill makes reference. Of course, members of the club need not buy books which do not meet with their favor. To retain membership in the club it is necessary for members to purchase only four books in the course of a year.

Things to Read AND DISCUSS

The Driving Forces of Human Nature and Their Adjustment, \$6.50, by Dom Thomas Verner Moore, Ph.D., M.D., Grune & Stratton, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16.

"The Driving Force of Human Nature and Their Adjustment" is written by a priest-scientist. Philosophy, psychology, psychiatry, practical experience, deep study, prayer, and years of dedication to God and of service to humanity have entered in the making of this book by Father Moore. He subtitles his work "An Introduction to the Psychology and Psychopathology of Emotional Behavior and Volitional Control." All that sounds profound. It is. But the book is written not only to help physicians who treat the ills of the mind, or that priests may better understand human nature, but to lead those under their direction to sound thinkings and to right adjustments, but this work is also intended for all thinking men and women, including adult youth, who may themselves need adjustments, or who may require instructions that will enable them to help others. Parents, teachers, social workers, etc., should derive great help in their respective vocations from careful study of Father Moore's excellent work.

The Psychopathology of Emotional Life, for instance, as this has to do with: The Gastrointestinal Neuroses; Cardiac Psychoneurotic Conditions; Psychogenic Blindness and Its Treatment; Physical and Mental Causes in Psychoneurotic Conditions, should prove vastly informative to thoughtful people.

Likewise, vast numbers should be assisted to a better understanding of the following forces and their adjustment: Instinct and impulses; Desire; The Conflict; Psychotaxes and Parataxes, the Parataxes of Depression, of Anxiety, of Defense,—their compensation, sublimation. Also, aid should come from a study of the psychology of the will, the philosophy of the will, etc. And a most helpful part of Father Moore's book is that section devoted to The Problems of Volitional Adjustment, wherein consideration is given to "The Technique of Adjusting the Individual—Adjustment in the Home and in the Family of Nations—Adjustment of Man to God in the Supreme Social Order, and so on.

Normal mental health is a great blessing. If children were better guided, if environments at home and on the outside were more satisfactory, if they were taught proper self-control after an understanding of their special problems, and if adults had an opportunity to see through their own quirks in their beginnings, there would be greater hope for less mental disturbance. The present mode of living is not conducive to mental tranquility. It is well to have an authoritative author like Father Moore to show the way, and it is a joy to present his new book to you today for your consideration.

In passing, I wish also to mention two former works of Father Moore which should bring much help to those interested in the subjects on which they treat. These are also published by Grune & Stratton. I here refer to:

Nature and Treatment of Mental Disorders—\$4.50.

Personal Mental Hygiene—\$4.50.

But I would say his new book—"The Driving Forces of Human Nature and Their Adjustment" (\$6.50)—will give the most complete help to both professional and lay readers. For his last book embodies the riches of knowledge accumulated through many years.

Readers are asked to send Catholic literature to Francisco F. Rosario, 50 Municipal Street, Manaoag, Pang, P. I.

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Life Of John Francis Noll, Fifth Bishop Of Ft. Wayne

BY F. A. FINK

Continued from last week

As its present to Msgr. Noll on his Silver Jubilee *Our Sunday Visitor* offered to pay the cost of a prolonged trip to Europe for Father Noll and a companion. He could not go immediately because of the pressure of work, but on January, 1924, accompanied by his cousin, Father Raymond R. Noll, of Indianapolis, now Vicar General and Protonotary Apostolic, he procured reservations on a French liner. Arriving in New York in a blizzard, he learned from the steamboat company that the ship had trouble and would not be in for several days, and that it would remain in dock four or five days after it did arrive.

The Trip Abroad

Recalling that a certain Mr. Lilly, a warm friend of *Our Sunday Visitor*, was in the business of trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific shipping, he called at his office to see whether it would be possible to procure passage on another boat. Mr. Lilly informed him that a very fine Italian ship—the Conte Verde—would leave the next morning, and that he believed he would be able to effect a cancellation of the passage on the French liner in favor of this, and took immediate efforts to do so. Within two hours he phoned to Father Noll, who was stopping with his friend, Monsignor Evers, at St. Andrew's, that he could obtain for him fine accommodations on the Conte Verde provided he would, within that very afternoon, procure in New York the visas he would need to enter into the many countries he intended to visit.

Monsignor Evers, at that time, was chaplain for the entire police force of New York, and had a police car and chauffeur at his disposal. He offered to have the two priests driven to the Consul offices of France, Switzerland, Italy, England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Morocco, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia.

You will agree, of course, that to visit all these Consul offices within a few hours would, under ordinary circumstances, be impossible. But with this police car the priests were rushed down the avenues of New York, ignoring all traffic signs, because they had the aid of a siren to give them the right of way. Before evening the task was completed, and they were ready to embark the next morning.

The priests took the southern route to Gibraltar on the Mediterranean, and thence went to Algeiras, a port at the southernmost part of Spain. The next day they crossed the channel to Tangier, Morocco, where Monsignor Denning, of Marion, Ohio, whom President Harding appointed Consul General of all Morocco, was stationed. He had ten Consuls working under him until Morocco was placed under an international government.

Father Noll had got in touch with Monsignor Denning by cable from Spain, who deputed two stately Moor policemen to meet him at the boat and to bring him to his home, where he was sick in bed. These two policemen were bodyguards to Father Noll and his cousin throughout the day, showing them every place of interest and, of course, attracting a great deal of attention from the natives.

Since the priests wished to see more of Spain they returned to that country from Tangier, meeting a ship anchored in the middle of the channel via a motor boat placed at the disposal of Monsignor Denning by the government and carrying the American flag. Monsignor Denning also cabled the American Consul at Cadiz to meet the priests at the pier and to accompany them to the hotel where he was asked to procure reservations for them.

They arrived shortly before the evening meal, and the orchestra, which had been apprised of their coming, was all set to greet them with music as soon as they entered the hotel door. The greeting took the form of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which was a very popular song in the United States at that time.

The priests had met on the boat two Ohio priests, who were to follow pretty much the same itinerary. They met at Cadiz and about two weeks in Andalusia, the most interesting part of Spain. At Seville, where the remains of Columbus are kept in the beautiful Cathedral, as also those of St. Ferdinand, a 13th century Spanish king, thence to Madrid where they engaged an open car to be driven through Spain in order to see it better. The cost, divided among the four, was no more than train passage would have been. They drove nearly 200 miles from Madrid to Granada through numerous villages and through miles and miles of olive groves. They saw the famous Alhambra, whose beauty was depicted

by Washington Irving. Here Queen Isabella received Columbus. Granada was the seat of the Moors for several centuries. From that point they went to Cordoba and thence to Toledo where several Church Councils were held in the early centuries. Of course, they had seen everything in and around Madrid, including the famous Escorial, where all the Kings and Queens, the Princes and Princesses of Spain, for several hundred years, were buried.

They dismissed their chauffeur at Toledo, and went north to San Sebastian, summer home of the king, crossed the Pyrenees into southern France and headed eastward for Lourdes, where they spent several days, and where Monsignor Noll was granted the privilege, usually accorded only to Bishops, of saying Mass at the Grotto at which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Bernadette.

They continued eastward to Montpellier and Marseilles, and visited there the place where Mary Magdalen lived as a recluse and died, following a miraculous escape from a boat in which she, Martha, her sister, and Lazarus, her brother, were shoved into the sea at Haifa in the hope that they would become shipwrecked. The priests then went to Nice, and through the Riviera to Genoa, Italy. There they took a fast liner to Alexandria, Egypt, stopping briefly at Naples, to visit Pompeii.

Among places visited at Alexandria was an old church of the Monophysite religion, which separated from the Catholic Church in the fourth century. It looked like one of our churches of today, with altars, the Holy Eucharist reserved, the confessionals, etc.

From here the priests went to Cairo and visited everything in the area, including, of course, Memphis, the ancient city where Egyptian kings, after being embalmed, have been preserved as mummies for thousands of years. They rode camels around the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and climbed through a narrow, low passage-way—slanting upward through the interior of the largest Pyramid—to its top.

The Pyramids had at one time been covered with beautiful marble, but this was removed by the Moors and used for the interior decoration of their Mosques.

The priests had reservations up the Nile to the tomb of "King Tut," but on the previous evening some tourists returned to their hotel from that trip, and dissuaded them from going, claiming that they would be almost eaten up by insects, and that King Tut's tomb, now empty, looked no different from the many they had seen near Memphis. In fact, the contents of King Tut's tomb were moved to the Cairo Museum.

There was an anti-British demonstration in front of the hotel at Cairo, because a British pilgrimage, in which the late Cardinal Bourne, and a number of Bishops and priests from England and Ireland, and about ninety lay people, participated, were housed there. They were on their way to the Holy Land.

The priests followed them to Palestine, going to Kantara and crossing the Suez Canal towards Jerusalem, which they reached on Saturday afternoon, March 7, the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, and found the one good pilgrimage hotel, conducted by Franciscan Fathers, filled with the British pilgrims. They were advised, therefore, to spend the week-end at Bethlehem, and to return to Jerusalem early in the following week. This they did.

After visiting every place of interest in the Holy City they engaged an Arab dragoman to drive them to more distant points, first to Bethany, where Lazarus was raised from the dead, the birthplace of John the Baptist, the River Jordan—and they waded in the Dead Sea.

Then they headed northward to Nazareth, visiting Mount Carmel, stopping at Cana, where Christ wrought His first miracle, and moved on to Tiberias, where Jesus wrought a number of His miracles. This was on the Sea of Galilee, over whose waves Christ walked, and where He stilled the storms. They, too, witnessed a storm so severe that they had to cancel their boat ride from Tiberias to Capernaum. They were stopping with the Franciscan Fathers, whose hostel set back 200 feet or more from the coast line, but the walls were splashed by the heavy waves. The next day, when the sea was more calm, they crossed the Sea of Galilee or the Lake of Genesareth on a boat, and were shown the ruins at Capernaum of the great temple which was built for the Jews by a pagan ruler in return for the cure of his child by Christ. It was in that temple that Christ promised the Holy Eucharist.

To Be Continued

Bill To Legalize Birth Control In Japan Is Stopped

Sterilization And Abortion Approval Denied By Premier

Tokyo—(NC)—The momentum for the so-called Eugenic Protection bill, aiming at legalizing birth control, abortion and sterilization, which swept the measure through the Diet's upper house and was confidently expected by its supporters to push it through the lower house as well, has been stopped.

This is due at least partially to the note of caution sounded by Premier Hitoshi Ashida himself when he told its proponents that the bill would not help Japan in its present crisis—the problem of feeding the country's hungry millions—and that the bill would really have no useful purpose in Japan. A message of congratulations on his courageous stand was immediately sent to the Premier by the Catholic Press Association here.

In an interview Dr. Kotaro Tanaka, Catholic member of the House of Councillors and former minister of education, stated that while the socialists generally favor birth control, it is improbable that the movement will gain legal status at this time. However, he pointed out that many books are being published in Japan favoring its legalization and that the Nippon Times, a leading English daily here, has repeatedly quoted American supporters of the movement.

The latest to be quoted was Dr. George Stoddard, president of the University of Illinois and chairman of the American Education mission visiting Japan in 1946. He was quoted as recommending birth control for Japan at the Pacific coast regional conference of UNESCO. Very little public notice has been given here to opposition to the measure which has been voiced in the United States.

Proposed as a measure to "prevent increase of inferior descendants" and protect the life and health of mothers, the Eugenic Protection bill would permit abortion at the discretion of any physician, if in his opinion a mother's life or health would be endangered by childbirth. The wording of the bill is so liberal that its supporters themselves admit it would legalize abortion for virtually any reason.

According to the bill, sterilization would be legal with the consent of both husband and wife and would be compulsory in the case of a person judged criminally insane; all applications for sterilization or abortion would be screened by eugenic commissions; birth control clinics would be established at government expense.

Reds Pillage Convent Of United States Nuns; Missioners Unhurt

Shanghai, China — (Radio)—Archbishop Getano Pollio of Kaifeng and the priests and Sisters of that city suffered no injuries in the bitter fighting and the eight-day occupation of Kaifeng by the Reds, according to the Rev. Joseph Henkel, a Society of the Divine Word missionary from Dyersville, Ia., who has arrived here from Honan province.

The only mission building pillaged by the communists, according to Father Henkel, was the convent of the Benedictine Sisters from Minnesota. The reason for its pillaging seemed to be the fact that the occupants were mostly American.

However, other reports from Kaifeng stated that the convent of the Italian Sacramentine Sisters was burned and that the Catholic hospital there was damaged by the fires which followed air raids made on the city while it was held by the Reds.

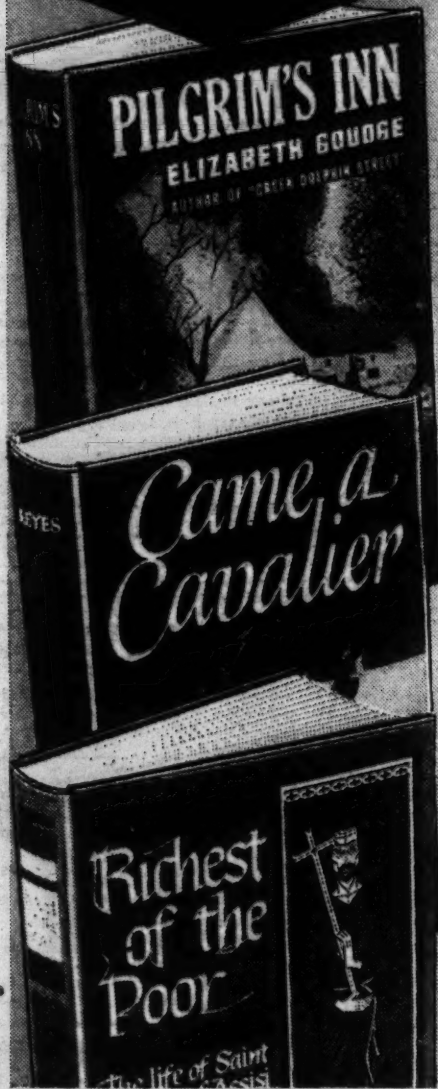
Bishop Named

Arlington, Va.—(NC)—The Rev. Willy Brasseur, I.H.M., has been raised to the rank of a Bishop and named Vicar Apostolic of the Mountain Province (Montagnosa) in the Philippines. Mountain Province, with its seat at Baguio, has been raised from a Prefecture Apostolic to a Vicariate Apostolic.

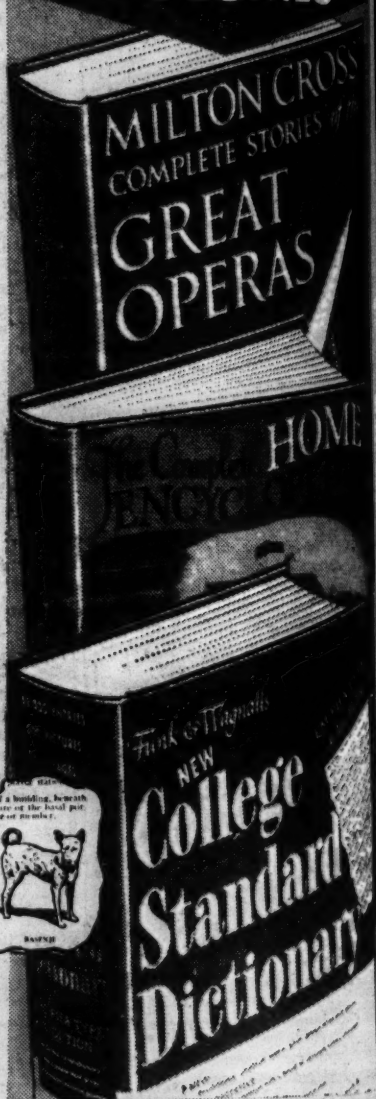
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By Frances Parkinson Keyes



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There is no charge for membership in the Family Reading Club beyond the cost of the books themselves. You pay only \$1.89 each (plus postage and handling charge) for the books you purchase after reading the book review which will come to your home each month. It is not necessary to purchase a book every month—only four each year to retain your membership! All selections are new, complete, well-printed and well-bound; each will be a real addition to your library. And your books will be delivered right to your door by the postman—ready to read, with no bother on your part!

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Family Reading Club

MINEOLA, NEW YORK

Arrest Of Priests Marks Situation In Hungary

Further Attempts Are Made To Muzzle Cardinal Mindszenty

Berne, Switzerland, — (NC) — Further arrests of priests and Catholic teachers on charges of "inciting" the people against "democracy," cancellation of religious meetings, and governmental attempts to "muzzle" His Eminence Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, mark the situation in Hungary following the nationalization of all Church-operated schools.

But all reports reaching here from Hungary make it clear that the Church and the great majority of Hungarians are unshaken in their determination to resist all communist efforts to destroy the Christian traditions of the nation, and that—now more than ever before—Cardinal Mindszenty is looked upon by the people as their true leader.

Judging by reports in the government-controlled Hungarian press, the number of schools brought under State control is 5,437, a figure considerably higher than previously given. The great majority of these schools were operated by the Catholic Church, the rest by Protestant bodies.

Julius Ortutay, Minister of Education, who, although insisting that he is a Catholic, tool a leading part in the agitation for nationalization of schools, has issued a decree which orders signs to be displayed on all schools taken over, showing that they are now state schools. He also decreed that all teachers in formerly non-public schools are now under the jurisdiction of the State, which will pay their salaries and protect their pension rights.

AID FROM THE CATHOLICS OF AMERICA



In the American Zone of Austria, a cartload of food and clothing arrives at the village of Lessach. This was donated by War Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference and C. A. R. E. (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc.). Left to right: Chaplain (Major) Edward J. Saunders, priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago, Salzburg Area Chaplain; Rev. Franz Esthofer, pastor of Lessach; the driver of the oxcart; Sister M. Agnes of Tamsaweg, Austria. (NC Photos).

Teachers who do not accept transfer to state employment prior to August 15, will lose all legal rights regarding their employment, Mr. Ortutay decreed, declaring that "the unity of the education of Hungary's youth" has been definitely settled "and its high standard insured."

The future status of teachers in the nationalized Catholic schools is said to have been studied at a recent general meeting of the Hungarian Hierarchy—the eighteenth in the current year. No news has reached here so far on the nature of the decisions taken. Government-inspired reports saying that Bishop Alexander Kovacs of Szombathely had dispensed teachers of Catholic schools from the oath they had given to the Church, are untrue, according to an official announcement by ecclesiastical authorities.

Four new cases of arrests of priests and teachers have been reported here, but the actual number is believed to go into the hundreds. The Revs. Josef Tornyos of Keszegpatty, Stephen Marosvoelgyi of Ramocsahaz, and Josef Varga of Budapest have been arrested by the communist security police on charges of "inciting" against democracy in sermons in which they explained the position of the Church on the laicization of schools. Prof. Lorant Pongracz is accused of having committed a similar "crime" in his class room.

On the other hand, Denes Szitay, a priest at Bakonykut who was excommunicated by his Bishop because of his membership in the Communist party, was "honored" by the government with an appointment as councillor to the Ministry of Public Education.

The government has warned Cardinal Mindszenty, according to reports received here, to desist from addressing any more public meetings on the subject of school nationalization and threatened

mass arrests of Catholics if this injunction is violated. In recent weeks, the Hungarian Primate has addressed scores of meetings all over Hungary and was hailed by hundreds of thousands who look upon him as the embodiment of Hungary's will to resist against communist dictatorship.

Those who know Cardinal Mindszenty are fully convinced that any attempts on the part of the regime to "muzzle" him are doomed to failure. They recall his fearless attitude in the face of the nazis who kept him imprisoned for four months, and express the view that even the communists in Hungary may hesitate before laying hands on the man who is literally venerated by the great majority of Hungarians—Catholic and non-Catholics alike.

Cardinal Mindszenty's position as Hungary's true leader has been even more enhanced by the readiness of Protestant church leaders to support the communist regime. According to a letter received here from Budapest "not only Catholics but all good patriots regard the Cardinal as the greatest man in Hungarian history since the last century . . . Moscow knows very well that as long as Cardinal Mindszenty stands at his post, Hungary will never be broken, and prefers to suffer even more under the leadership of this great and courageous man. Hungarians will never betray their faith and their country."

Boat And Plane Arrangements Made For Fatima Pilgrimage

Dubuque — (NC) — The first United States pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima in Portugal, which will be dedicated to world peace and the conversion of Russia, may be made by boat as well as by plane, it has been announced by Archbishop Francis J. D. Beckman, retired Dubuque prelate and spiritual director of the Confraternity of Pilgrims, co-sponsors of the pilgrimage.

The Archbishop said arrangements have been made whereby those who desire may go abroad on the Queen Mary, which will leave October 1. Those who sail will join those who travel by plane in Lisbon on October 9, he said. The pilgrim will spend October 11 to 15 in Fatima and take part in the celebration of the 31st anniversary of the last apparition of Our Lady to the three Portuguese children on October 13.

Women's Retreat Group To Convene In September

St. Louis—(NC)—"You are the light of the world" will be the theme of the seventh biennial congress of the National Laywomen's Retreat Movement, to be held at Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo., September 4 to 6.

The Congress, to be attended by delegates from 17 States and Canada, will concern itself with discussion of the spiritual impetus to Catholic Action which is gained thru making an Annual Retreat. Noted priests and experienced lay speakers will contribute to the program, according to the sponsoring group, the Cenacle Retreat League of St. Louis.

In addition, panel discussions and round tables will provide delegates with an opportunity for exchanging ideas and learning new ways of recruiting retreatants, forming retreat leagues and publicizing retreats.

This is the second national meeting to be held in St. Louis. The fifth congress was held there in 1943, and the sixth in Philadelphia in 1946. The general sessions are open to all interested laywomen.

Sacred Pallium For Archbishops Imposed In Rome

Vatican City—(By Radio)—Six sacred pallia that were postulated at last Monday's Secret Consistory were solemnly imposed after a Low Mass offered in Matilda Chapel of the Vatican by His Eminence Nicola Cardinal Canali on June 26. The Cardinal conferred the pallia personally upon the Archbishop of Pica and upon the proxies of five other Archbishops, including four of the United States.

Msgr. Leonardo Cercone of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation received the pallia on behalf of Archbishop Gerald T. Bergan of Omaha and Archbishop J. Francis A. McIntyre of Los Angeles, while Msgr. Antonio Grossi, archivist of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation was presented with the pallia for Archbishop Francis P. Keough of Baltimore and Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle of Washington.

75-Year-Old Mission Is Damaged By Storm

Ozark, O., July 2.—(NC)—Immaculate Conception Church here, a mission which serves nine families, was damaged severely in a recent storm. The roof was blown off in a violent wind, and the chimney and three art glass windows were damaged. The church is a mission of St. John the Baptist parish in Miltonsburg. The Rev. Edwin Yocke, pastor, estimated the damage at \$1,500 and said the misfortune struck at a time when plans were being made to celebrate in December the 75th anniversary of the founding of the mission.

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Settlement Youths Hike And Dance

Gary—Threatening skies didn't stop the Gary-Alderling Settlement youths from participating in the hike sponsored by the House Sunday, June 27, in the Dunes State Park.

The youths boarded a truck which took them to the park, where all "hit the trail" and climbed up and down the dunes. All later enjoyed their picnic lunches and played volley ball. Chairmen of the hike were Ann Marie Valenti and Bernard Audrey.

The Club Catolico Latino sponsored a "Leap Year Dance" for the young people of school age and out-of-school youths. This was the first dance sponsored by the club. Music was furnished by the Moon Lighters orchestra. Approximately two hundred young people attended it was announced by Miss Vera Reyes, chairman. The mothers prepared the favorite Mexican dishes which were served by the girls.

Another youth project was a trip to the Chicago White Sox park. A group of 15 boys of high school age were taken to the big league game, as a treat for their cooperation around the House.

A jointly-sponsored activity by the Mothers' Club and the Club Catolico Latino was the travelogue movie on historic old Mexico. The film was in technicolor. Mr. Stephen Brown was narrator. Periodically, the clubs intend to sponsor cultural projects in the line of movies, lectures and reviews.

Summer Play School

The first of the six weeks of the play school sponsored by the Gary-Alderling Settlement House has proven its worth in the popular and enthusiastic turnout of youngsters. For the first week a total of 185 youngsters were enrolled.

The play school is being conducted by five resident nuns of the Poor Handmaid Order, Sisters Mark, Edward, Emeric, Andre, and Victores. Assisting in the program are two seminarians and members of the House personnel.

Something new has been added this summer to the already diversified program in the form of a tap dancing, ballet, and tumbling class which is conducted weekly by Mrs. Alfred Martin, a physical education instructor. Piano classes are being conducted as they regularly are on Saturday afternoons from 4 to 7 p.m., by Mrs. J. M. Mul-lany.

Parents desiring to have their youngsters attend the play school can still do so, as there isn't a closing date on registrations. The program is flexible and diversified so that a child can fit in whenever he comes.

1,822 Enrolled At Notre Dame Summer School

Notre Dame, Ind.—A total of 1,822 undergraduate students have enrolled in the 1948 summer session at the University of Notre Dame, it was announced July 5, by the Rev. Louis J. Thornton, C.S.C., Registrar at Notre Dame.

Students attending the summer session at Notre Dame, according to Father Thornton, include 1,237 in the undergraduate school and 585 in the Graduate School. Included in the Graduate School total are 221 Sisters and 79 priests representing various Catholic religious orders from all parts of the United States.

The Summer session at Notre Dame, eight weeks in duration, will close on August 13 with the awarding of degrees at a special convocation.

Hungarian Educator Added To Staff

Notre Dame, Ind.—The Rev. Asztrik Gabriel, O. Praem., noted Hungarian educator, has been named a member of the faculty of the Mediaeval Institute at the University of Notre Dame, it was announced July 6, by the Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame.

Father Cavanaugh, in making the announcement, said that Father Gabriel will conduct courses in Mediaeval Institute at Notre Dame on the history of the "Nations" in the mediaeval University of Paris and on Old French.

WHEN SEISMOLOGISTS GET TOGETHER



Three noted seismologists are pictured studying rock formations at Put-in-Bay and Kelley's island, following the annual meeting of the Jesuit Seismological Association, in Cleveland. Left to right are: Rev. Henry F. Birkenhauer, S. J., Director of the John Carroll University seismological station; Rev. Fred W. Sohn, S.J., Director of the observatory at Georgetown University, and Rev. J. E. Ramirez, S.J., head of the station at Bogota, Colombia. (NC Photos).

On The Shelf

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The Babe Ruth Story by Babe Ruth as told to Bob Considine.

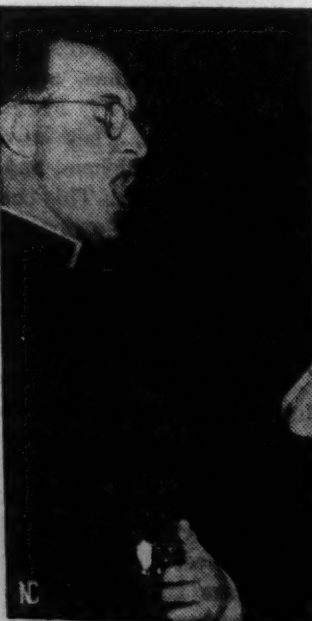
This is a good book, a highly informative biography written in a pleasant easy style about George Herman Ruth, the "Bambino," the "Sultan of Swat," the "Big Boy," the "Babe," known and loved by tens of millions of Americans. It pictures a brave black-haired lad of 7 when he first met the Xaverian Brothers at St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore. Listed as an incorrigible, it was through the special interest and effort of Brother Matthias that the "Babe" became the school's most famous graduate. Of him he writes: "It was at St. Mary's that I met and learned to love the greatest man I've ever known, Brother Matthias, whose work concentrated on underprivileged boys. I saw some real he-men in my 22 years in organized baseball and in the years since my retirement in 1935. But I never saw one who equalled brother Matthias."

Do not miss reading this American story—Poor Boy Makes Good.

No Trumpet Before Him—Nelia Gardner White.

Halfway through college and

Won Applause



Boosting his home-state centenary, the Rev. Harold E. Whittet of South St. Paul, Minn., sings "My Minnesota Home," at the Republican National Convention, in Philadelphia, after the presidential nomination was concluded. The song, by Lyle Regal, is the official song of the Minnesota State Centenary. Father Whittet, a former Army chaplain, won acclaim for his singing at U. S. O. clubs during the war. (NC Photos.)

still uncertain whether he wanted to be a surgeon or a psychiatrist, Paul Phillips suddenly decided to be neither. He resolved to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather and great-grandfather as a Methodist minister. From his father, a physician, Paul received the briefest advice. "Well, if you're going to be a minister, be a good one. Don't shout and rant—and keep your sense of humor." Paul, an apparent misfit, is placed at the head of the First Church in Warrenton, an elite University town. His troubles begin when the "great ones" in his parish claim he has not fitness for such a distinguished post but the years gradually reveal him to be a man of great courage—without humor.

This book stands as a compliment to the judges who selected it for the Westminster Award for Fiction. It is an edifying and interesting tale—convincingly told.

Summer Time is Reading Time. Summer rates are now in effect—two books for the price of one. Student cards for the 3 summer months are 50c. These cards are issued to Grade School pupils and allow one book each week until September the first.

Library Hours—2 until 5 every afternoon.

6:30 to 8:00 Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Attorney Hackett A.C.T.U. Speaker

Gary—Attorney Edwin R. Hackett explained the Taft-Hartley Law as it applied to Labor at the June 29 meeting of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists at St. Monica auditorium. He exhorted his listeners to work and pray for perfection in their occupations and professions and stated that example is the best method of spreading the Catholic way of life. The committee in charge of the meeting thanked the pastors of the deanery and all who attend for their cooperation.

College Students Take Honors In National Writing Contests

Dubuque.—(NC)—Of 300 competitors, Miss Joan Delaney of Dubuque, a junior at Clarke College, took first honors in an essay contest sponsored by The Atlantic Monthly magazine, in which students from 125 universities and colleges participated. Miss Delaney's entry was entitled "No Common Ground," an examination of the philosophical tenets of communism.

Another Clarke College student, Miss Pauline Renier, a sophomore, took fourth place in a short story contest for Catholic college women, sponsored by the national Kappa Gamma Pi sorority. Her entry, "Success Story," was a satirical sketch of selfish, childless women. Royal Blue Store—beginning 10 a. m.—Auspices Christian Mother and Blessed Virgin sodality of St. Peter's Parish.

Cardinal Defines Duties, Rights Of Labor Unions

Chile Adopts Law To Curb Communist Hold On Workers

Santiago, Chile.—(NC)—During the stormy debate in the Chilean Senate over the bill for the Defense of Democracy, which includes an average vote of 23 to 8.

"Faced with the solution of a provision designed to break the communist hold on labor unions, His Eminence Jose Maria Cardinal Caro, Archbishop of Santiago, issued a statement declaring that the rights of labor leaders must be exercised for the common good, otherwise they are an abuse of power. At the same time the prelate cautioned the legislators not to destroy labor's right of association and of collective bargaining.

The articles of the bill were finally approved in the Senate by a problem arising from an abuse of the power of labor unions by those who ostensibly seek the well-being of the people but actually endeavor them for their own ends," the prelate wrote in a statement published here, "we feel certain that our legislators will know how to eliminate wisely the abuses of the right in question, while at the same time maintaining that right and guaranteeing its legitimate exercise to workers."

Cardinal Caro called the attention of the Senators to the lack of adequate housing among the poorer classes, their low wages and their need to share in some way in the profits of industry. Turning to the Papal encyclicals to back up this last point, he declared: "The Sovereign Pontiffs have indicated certain measures for a betterment of workers' wages. We refer to a share in the profits and ownership of management and, generally, to all means which may make it possible for workers to eventually become co-owners."

Remembering the action of dictator Carlos Ibanez (1925-31) who outlawed all labor unions, the Cardinal warned: "The State cannot in justice oppose the existence of unions of workers or employees, because these associations represent the exercise of a human right." The Cardinal urged all the faithful to unite their efforts in finding a speedy solution of the country's social problems.

Donald Mungovan Acquires Mortuary

Fort Wayne—Donald J. Mungovan, one of the sons of the founder, has acquired sole ownership of Mungovan & Sons Mortuary, 2114 South Calhoun St.

Mr. Mungovan purchased the interest of his brother, Franklin J. Mungovan. Donald J. Mungovan has operated the establishment since the death of his father, Frank Mungovan, founder of the mortuary and also a former city judge, in 1935.

Mr. Donald J. Mungovan is the Fort Wayne representative of the Associated Funeral Directors, a national organization, and is active in a number of civic organizations.

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